The Times.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II. NO. 3. GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1857. WHOLE NO. 54.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

What spot so dear to every heart
As that where we were born;
Where we enjoyed life's sunny hours
In youth's unclouded morn;
What man is there so dead to love
Upon this teeming earth;
So lost to joy, as to forget
The home which gave him birth?

And when throughout the world we stray,
In every clime we roam;
We cannot find a sweeter charm
To soothe our hearts—than home;
For when oppress'd with heavy woes
And torn with anxious care;
We turn our thoughts to that loved spot
And find a solace there.

And when we part from all we love
To cross the ocean wide;
What sad forebodings fill our minds
And in our hearts abide;
We think with anguish and with pain
As we cleave the foaming track;
That the mighty waves that bear us on
May never roll us back.

And he who steers his fragile bark
Upon the sea of life
And stems the rolling waves of time
And breasts their foaming strife;
When he shall fail, and his ship shall be
A wreck upon the foam;
Shatter'd and torn he turns his course
And seeks for rest at home.

And only there it is that man
Shall peace and quiet find;
And where content is in his heart
He leaves all care behind;
And in vain, in vain he seeks for rest
Beneath God's lofty dome;
It never can be found on earth
If not within his home.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MYSTICAL VERSES.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

Thou can't not feel as I have felt—
Art thou prepared to know?
Mine are the joys that angels feel,
Forever as they flow.

Wilt thou suppress each struggling sigh;
Thou who art life to me?
Be sure that though thy heart may change,
True mine will be to thee.

I cannot tell thee more than this—
Love God, he is thy only friend;
In Him is centred all thy bliss—
Vain mortal, to my words attend.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE INEBRIATE WIFE.

BY GEORGE W. COTHRAN.

Once I knew a young man, by the name of John Walters, who launched his life bark upon the usually tempestous sea of human life, beneath a clear and promising sky. His future seemed like the surface of the placid sea, when shines the glorious sun—bright, unclouded and beautiful. No fleecy storm-vapor lurked above his horizon, the herald of a coming something. His circumstances, in regard to pecuniary matters, were what the world denominates "easy:" he was neither poverty-stricken, nor the offspring of affluence. Surrounded by many friends, all anxious to see him prosper, he entered upon life's career.

At the age of two and twenty, he selected from amongst his numerous acquaintances and friends, one to be his companion through life;—one whom it should be his greatest source of delight to render happy; and who, in turn, would act in the capacity of an affectionate companion, and share with him his gloom and grievances, and participate in his successes and pleasures.

Brightly beamed the beacon Hope, in his youth! but for more gorgeous and effulgent it shown at the age of manhood! John was a noble fellow, and strove to make himself contented and comfortable by rendering others happy. He never enjoyed himself better than when he was the donor of alms to the poor, either immediately by means of an endowment or some eleemosynary institution. By being free, frank and generous, he acquired the friendship and respect of all with whom he came in contact. All who knew him spoke well of him, and predicted that no man would live a more contented and happy life than he.

Three years passed by without a cloud to obscure the bliss of his domestic sunshine. The family circle was his greatest resort and the place where he experienced his most serene delight; for the three years last past had added two little cherubs to its number. His evenings were almost invariable spent at home with his little family, who were gloomy and sad without his presence.

Time seemed to strengthen *his* love for both his wife and children; but with Manilla, his wife, it was otherwise. Gradually her *fondness* subsided; and she, ere long, looked upon the noble hearted John with seeming coldness. Day by day she became more reserved, and sought his presence less. Not many months elapsed ere he did not see her at all unless he sought her at her room.

At first, John paid no particular attention to this strange conduct in his wife, but faithfully performed his duty, and seen that all her wants were supplied—he attributing this singularity of action on her part to slight indisposition or to some other cause which he concluded was but transitory, and she would soon be the same affectionate being that she had been heretofore. But as days, weeks and months passed into the vortex of Time; bringing with it no visible reformation, but, on the converse, she becoming more absented from his presence and in appearance gloomy and uforose, he could not avoid observing with great sorrow and disappointment that something very radical in its nature and powerful in effect had come over the heretofore joyous heart of his dearly beloved Manilla.

With what degree of anxious solicitude he sought an explanation of her, of the mystery,—for it seemed to him that she had become enveloped in mystery,—none but a husband who cherishes his wife can determine! But what was his disappointment, aye, agony, when he found that he could receive no satisfactory explanation from her. Replying to his earnest inquiries that she knew of no cause to produce the effects as described by him; and that she knew of no change that had manifested itself in her; assured him of a still greater change than he had anticipated. Her attempt thus to deceive him who had always been a tender, solicitous and affectionate husband convinced him that there must be some powerful, yet secret agency at work which thus robbed him of his peace of mind and domestic happiness.

John felt sorrowful, and was even more devoted to the enhancing of her comforts, in order that he might cause the natural bloom to return to her cheek, and revive the affectionate feelings in her bosom towards himself. But in this he failed. If there was any change in her at all, it was for the worse.

John requested that he might be allowed to call in a physician; but she declined; stating that she was not unwell.

Daily she became more the subject of change. From a ghastly paleness her cheeks assumed a hue slightly crimson, and altogether unnatural; and she seemed to be in a state of feverish excitement. Her eyes, once a beautiful blue became dull yet glassy in expression.

"Are you ill, to-day, Manilla?" would be his first inquiry on awaking in the morning; and "are you any better?" would be his anxious solicitation at the dinner table, when she was present, and if she was not, the first thing on returning from his labor, would be to repair to her room, and inquire the state of her health.

Thus passed many months of his life; and who could blame him for feeling sorrowful and sick at heart?

During all this time her cheeks were growing more flushed and unnatural in appearance:

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed John, one day, mentally, as he sat ruminating on his troubles and the mysterious situation and conduct of his wife,—"no, no;" he continued, "that can never be. Yet how nearly like its symptoms," he pursued. "She says she is not unwell, yet it is apparent that something is the matter with her." Dropping the tool which he had in his hand, he continued, "I will now devote a portion of my time more particularly to ascertain the true cause of this transformation, and what disease—if disease it may be called—she is troubled with."

Misfortune does not generally come single-handed; and the case of my friend was not an exception. He met with several pecuniary losses, his health became enfeebled, and, as a *human* consequence, his friends were materially lessened in number. A succession of reverses had, at the time he became to the above resolution, reduced him to daily labor for a livelihood.

He communicated to no one his determination, but immediately set about the accomplishment of the object of which he was in pursuit. He soon discovered that she frequently went down street, and called into a particular store. Now, here was another mystery, which, when solved, might possibly tend to dispel the cloud which seemed, of late, to envelope his wife. The next evening after making this discovery he entered the store in question and seated himself in such a position that he could see all persons coming in unobserved. About the usual time for her to walk out, she came into the store and handed a clerk a small work-basket, which he took and went down into the cellar underneath, and soon returned, received his pay, and she returned home. Two several times he witnessed this same exhibition, yet was, in reality, no wiser than before. He then changed his mode of discovery, and secreted himself in her room, when she was absent, and determined to see what it was that she brought home. Here he was successful. His worst fears and apprehensions were realized and confirmed. *She was an inebriate.*

He made known to her his astounding discovery, which she did not attempt to deny; but, on the other hand, said that a reformation in her was a thing that might be talked about, but could never be successfully accomplished. Tenderly and pathetically he plead, aye, implored her to revoke that harsh resolution, and again be the loving Manilla that she was, when they were united in wedlock. Vain and fruitless were all his arguments and expostulations. She was inexorable.

"Ruin," she exclaimed, "is my future goal, and the sooner I arrive there, the better! I care not to live."

The noble-hearted John wept—wept as only broken-hearted man can weep.

Physiologists inform us that the sudden transition from extreme heat to extreme cold produces an injurious effect upon the physical constitution of man; but how much more radical and crushing is the effect upon the mind, by the sudden transition from purity to brutality—to have the object of our tenderest regards wrested from us, and immersed in oblivion!

Manilla, the consort of the kind-hearted John, was but a mere wreck, four years after marriage; while John was not only a disappointed man, but carried in his bosom a heart bereft of gladness. Hope and happiness had, alike, flown from them.

John became more gloomy, and neglected his business more than ever,—neglected it because his source of happiness had been closed by the inebriety of his wife. Being naturally of an affectionate temperament, he very easily became the victim of despair.

About this time a serious accident transpired in the family circle, which cast an additional gloom over the future of the noble John. Their child, second in years, accidentally fell into a boiler of hot water, negligently suffered to remain in an improper place by the wretched wife, and ere assistance could be rendered, its little soul winged its way to a better land.

But a single week from the time of its burial, from the effect of a blow, given by the mother in a state of inebriation, their youngest child—a sunny-haired little fellow—departed from the scenes of this world. But *one* of the three pledges of affection, who came into the world to bless and comfort their parents, now remained. Two, I trust, were in Heaven.

The agony of poor John was extreme. "O, God!" said he one day, to me, but a short time subsequent to the burial of his youngest child, "what *will* become of me?" After conversing with me for some time he turned away, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. I watched him anxiously until he disappeared from view, down the street. When next I saw him, he was wrapped in the cold shroud of death and being borne to the silent tomb. And, as I gazed on those cold features, I fancied that a faint smile enwreathed his bloodless lips, as much as to say:—

"Long have I sought rest, but until now I found it not! There is a greater glory in the grave than of which the poet ever sang."

But I must close this melancholy life-history.

Manilla,—the once beautiful and fashionable Manilla,—after being the sad cause of three premature deaths, is now with her little son, dragging out her few remaining days in the ——— County Almshouse—a miserable, shunned, despised being.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., 1857.

HOW TO PROMOTE PEACE IN THE FAMILY.—1. Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.

2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore, we are not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.

4. To look on each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.

5. When any good happens to any one to rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give any answer, to "overcome evil with good."

7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch over ourselves.

8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.

9. To watch the little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

10. To take a cheerful view of everything, even of the weather, and encourage hope.

11. To speak kindly to the servants—to praise them for little things when you can.

12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put your self last.

13. To try for "the soft answer that turneth away wrath."

14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves, "Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"

15. In conversation not to exalt yourself, but to bring others forward.

16. To be very gentle with young ones, and treat them with respect.

17. Never to judge one another harshly, but to attribute a good motive when we can.

THE FUTURE.—I care not for the past. It is gone, with its joys and its sorrows. Cling to it, you who sentimentalize. Good-bye to it, say I. It has become a ghost and a shadow. There is what is real—there is work in the future. Better brood no longer, ye dreamers, but awake, shake off your sloth, and work, and when you work, look to it that you work in the right direction! Care not too much for gold, for it will disappoint you. Nor for what you will call happiness, for it will slip from your grasp. Ascertain your *duty*, and discharge it?—*Trifleton Papers.*

"NOBODY IS MISSED."

This world is gay and fair to us,
As now we journey on,
Yet still 'tis sad to think 'twill be
The same when we are gone;
Some few perchance may mourn for us,
But soon the transient gloom,
Like shadows of the summer cloud,
Shall leave our narrow tomb.

For men are like the waves that roll
Along the mighty deep,
That lift their crests awhile and frown,
And then are lull'd to sleep;
While other billows swelling come,
Amid the foam and spray,
And as we view their furrowy track,
Sink down, and—where are they?

And ever as the waves shall roll,
Like those but now gone past;
The offspring of the depths beneath,
The children of the blast;
And ever thus shall men arise,
And be like those that be,
And man is miss'd no more on land,
Than a wave upon the sea.

PRIZE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE HIDDEN HEART.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY,
Author of "Heart Drops from Memory's Urn."

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Richmond came to Cedar Hall at night, but I was too ill to see him. I had no desire to do so—I distrusted my own strength; rather would I have lain in the grave, than betray a hopeless love—a love for one so far above me, in wealth, station and talents; I wanted time to school my heart to meet him with seeming apathy. I heard his voice, in the hall, below, and it gave me the heart-ache—a choking—a feeling of suffocation. I tried to weep, but not a teardrop moistened my parched eyes; they seemed pent up in an ice-crust, down in the centre of my soul, moaning and surging to break through, but without avail.

The cool, delicious morning breeze rippled through the roses and early spring blossoms, and fanned my feverish face. I had passed a sleepless night, and my kind patron exempted me from duty for the day. I espied, through the shrubbery, the little pale beggar-boy, of the previous day, and passing through the gate, I followed him. I was ripe for adventure. If I could but shed one tiny ray of sunshine into a suffering heart, I thought I should feel happier. I went on and on; unlike Lot's wife I did not 'look back.' The little one entered a small, dilapidated dwelling, on the outskirts of the city, into which I gained admission.

A scene of poverty and misery met my eyes, that lifted my heart heavenward, and reconciled me to my own lot, lowly as it was, in life.

I sat upon the side of a bed of straw beside an emaciated woman, dying, in the morning of her days, with consumption, with the large spiritual eyes of three little ragged ones, looking up into mine, when Mr. Richmond entered the humble home! My heart gave one bound, and stood still. He came slowly up and took my hand, while his searching eyes seemed penetrating down into my soul's centre.

"You are better to-day, Myra?" his voice was a strange contrast to his calm hard seeming.

"Yes, sir."

He looked at me a moment, and turned quietly to the sufferer. I spoke to him no more, until we had left the abode of sorrow and want.

"I was startled by your appearance at that home of misery, Mr. Richmond; I was not prepared to see one so affluent upon an errand of mercy."

"I was going to the hall to look after you, when I saw you leave the gate, and followed. Are *you* addicted to hunting up objects of charity?"

"It is not in my power to relieve the distressed, sir."

"Another going 'round Robin Hood's barn!" he grumbled; but his face was flushed and smiling.

"What ailed you yesterday, Myra?" was his next irrelevant query—"there! don't put on that reserved air, but tell me plainly. You know I care for your happiness—haven't I been a brother to you?"

"You have, sir, and I shall always carry in my heart a grateful remembrance of your unmerited kindness."

"Then confide in me; there is some secret that is rendering you unhappy; tell me what it is—I would make any sacrifice to remove the cause, if it were the resignation of her, I love most!"

"You wouldn't, sir."

"*I would!* go and bring me your Bible"—we had entered the parlor at Cedar Hall—"and I'll declare it upon affidavit!"

"I ask no sacrifice on your part, Mr. Richmond."

"*Will* you tell me, Myra?"

"I have informed you, sir, that I am subject to sudden revulsions—I can tell you no more than that, Mr. Richmond."

"Well, Myra, I think of going to Europe"—he arose and stood before me—"I leave you to-day; if I cross the ocean, I shall be absent a year—you will be wedded before the expiration of that time."

"No, I shall not, sir."

"How do you know? why do you speak so positively?"

"Because I am wedded to celibacy, and it would go against my conscience to commit bigamy. I shall never marry *again*."

"I'll bet two hundred thousand dollars of that, and stake the cash!"

"You would lose it, sir."

He stood silent some moments.

"You look very ill, Myra."

"I am, sir"—an expression of intense pain swept over his handsome face as I raised my eyes unflinchingly to his.

"Oh! God *bless* you, Myra, and forgive *me!*" he lifted his hand excitedly to his brow and walked away; when he returned, he was calm and grave.

He took my hand.

"In consideration of the past, you will do more than coldly shake hands at parting—you will grant me a brother's privilege, Myra?"

"No, sir; I owe you more than I can ever repay, and gratitude will only die, when my heart ceases to throb; but you are *not* my brother, Mr. Richmond."

"No! thank God, I am *not!*—thank God!" he repeated fervently.

I looked up. His face was exceedingly pale and greatly agitated.

"Girl, noble, *true woman*, you would *die* sooner than transcend the line of strict propriety! You think you are:

——'little and unknown;
Loved and prized by God alone,'

and yet you are idolized—perfectly idolized, Myra—by one who would carry—if it were *possible*—an eternity of misery into Heaven, should he ascend there, and miss you around God's throne!"

He knelt down, twined his arms around me, and bowed his head upon my shoulder.

"Oh! Myra! *Myra!* I love you more than mortal lips can express!—my spirit kneels to your pure and lovely mind with unutterable fondness! I know you love me now, Myra, but let me hear you say it—*tell* me you love me."

"I do, sir, more than life!"

A slight quiver shook his strong form. He rose, sat down by me and nestled me closely to his breast.

"Myra, will you give me a husband's right to cherish and protect you in this bosom?"

"Yes, sir."

"*My wife*"—the strong, deep, but impassioned tone thrilled me—"little lone dove—lone no longer—your home is *here*."

He drew my lips to his—I had never had a kiss, till now—a genuine soul-full, heart-thrilling kiss. I heard the full, fast throbbings of that hidden heart, as he held me to his breast in silence—silence, unbroken only by the rich melodeon of feeling, swelling in glad gushes through the spirit-temple of the inner world, where two kindred souls had met and mingled in one eternal destiny.

"You can weep *now*, Myra, and tremble too. You feel like a frightened dove, quivering in my arms!"

"I am almost afraid, sir!"

"Of what, darling!"

"That I shall wake and find it all a dream."

"It is no dream, thank God! 'If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.' Did I distress you deeply, Myra?"

"Oh! sir, it was worse than death! I had rather die than be torn from you, Mr. Richmond!"

He half crushed me in his bosom.

"You shall not!—nothing less than divine can separate us now—you are *mine* through time and all eternity—we are *married, in heaven.* God was the great Magistrate, and Angels the witnesses. You are weary, Myra, your cheeks are crimsoned, and you are quivering yet. Lay your head on my bosom again, and rest in my arms. How lovely you are!—and how frail and helpless—you lie on my breast, sinless and trusting as a little child. I adore your purity, as a heathen worships the sun—did you ever fear me, Myra?"

"No, sir, I loved you too well."

"I would have thrust a dagger to my heart sooner than wrong or pain you. God is my witness, and sent to perdition one who did! I guarded you as a miser his gold. Your innocence and helplessness stirred the lowest depths of my soul—your pure goodness was a mirror in which I saw my own deformity! How can you love me, Myra? I am not worthy of you!"

"*I* think you are, sir, more than worthy."

"Do you think me good?"

"Yes, sir, by nature; I loved you for your noble soul."

He pressed his cheek to mine, and remained silent some time.

"Your influence has been wonderful; you have saved me from many a sin; I have tried to be worthy of you, for I resolved to win you, if possible, the first hour we ever met!"

"You said yesterday, Mr. Richmond—"

"Rodolph, Myra."

"Well, Rodolph, you said—"

"There! I'll be blessed if you are not blushing like a fresh peony!—and hiding your face in my bosom! Well, what did I say, little Modesty?"

"That you loved, before I ever saw you, sir."

"So I did, but it was *you*, Myra. You remember where we first met—I saw you enter the hall that night, unseen by you. Your pale, spiritual face arrested me. I watched you. I saw the enthusiasm that the speaker's eloquence kindled in your face; your eyes sparkled; rose-tints drifted over your cheeks, and a bright smile parted your red lips, as some rich, poetic passage fell from the orator's fancy; you were radiantly beautiful then, and yet those eyes were deeply mournful, and that face touchingly pensive, in repose. I saw you had an appreciative soul, and a strange desire possessed me to look down into that soul, and read the secret of its sorrow. You seemed apart from that gay assembly—you were not of them. I thought of an angel that had been sent from Heaven, on a mission of mercy to man, and was pining to get back! I stationed myself in the aisle, for the express purpose of getting near you, and meeting your glance, and I did. You raised your face to mine, as you passed, and I would willingly have taken you in my arms, and trusted you through all time—my heart deserted its post, where the Creator stationed it to keep a lookout for Eternity, and went down these meek hazel eyes in search of yours!—did it find it, Myra?"

"I never forgot that look, sir."

"I followed you, and saw you enter your home. I had never been 'in love'—as the term is—I had seen too much of the deception and sycophancy of the world—and the sensations I then experienced were new and strange. You were escorted by a handsome man—Mr. Graham, as I subsequently discovered—and I found myself, during the night, frequently fearing, lest you were already wedded! Just imagine my transport, on finding you were unappropriated! I sought your society, and never left it, without feeling an extra knot in the cord that bound me to you."

"And yet you deserted me, when I loved you most!"

"There! what a look! so reproachful and yet so tender! Here; lay your head back on my bosom, and shut your eyes—so; and, mind, don't you open them again, till I have vindicated my honor! I withdrew from your society, Myra, because I heard you were betrothed to Mr. Graham—I knew if you were, you loved him. I tried to alienate my heart from you, and the effort cost me dear, without accomplishing one whit of the design! I also heard of your domestic annoyances, and wondered why you did not escape them, when it was so easily effected, and it was the dying hope that the report respecting your engagement, was unfounded, that kept me here—I resolved to await the issue. Miss Grayson hemmed me in, with invitations, and unmaidenly advances, and madam rumor made me her suiter; *she* knew my design was not matrimonial, and yet I found that she encouraged the report, and I scorned her duplicity! I could never have loved her, had I not been devoted to you—she is not of my kind. I met you occasionally, and your evidently increasing unhappiness made me miserable. I went to Dr. Loyd's, that morning, with the fixed determination to know something definite. I saw you come into the hall, as the footman opened the door, and inquired for your brother under the influence of the 'Imp of the Perverse.' I am strangely constituted, Myra, as you have learned; that Imp has bloomed me from childhood, but never, till I loved you, did he arrogate absolute power. The very consciousness that your moist eyes and mournful mien, mentally unmanned me, rendered me cold and stern, in seeming; but your reasou for refusing to wed Mr. Graham, well nigh made his quietus everlastingly! If I had opened my eyes, unexpectedly, in heaven, I can hardly think, with my finite views, that I should have realized deeper bliss! I should have taken you in my arms, and offered you a life-home, then, but for your remark."

"What was that, sir?"

"That 'you must first love, and then you could tell me.' I resolved, in early life, never to wed, without indubitable proof that I was loved for myself, alone. I was courted for my wealth, and flattered for my 'marvellous beauty' (by the way I never believed a word of that, though I never felt dissatisfied with myself, on that score—do *you* think me very handsome, Myra?"—

"Yes, sir."—

"*Now* I *know* it)—but never loved—I felt that I was too stern and cold. I scorned the hypocrisy of the world, and my manner was repulsive. No one but you, ever looked behind my rough exterior, for a *soul; you* are my spirit-twin, Myra, and you alone could comprehend me. I left you, that day, with feelings indescribable; you had accepted my friendship, and given yourself to my care. I meant to guard you, like a pale flower-bud, and watch the gradual unfolding of your heart-leaves, into the full bloom of Love—*and I did!* But you were very discreet and wary; you kept me in doubt, with every evidence of triumph, before my eyes. I was not fully satisfied, till yesterday, I knew you thought me affianced to Miss Grayson; I learned it, the day before, as we stood on the piazza, and spoke of love, for the first time, and it was that which induced me to extort a promise from you, to make one of that pleasure-party. You had never spoken to me of her, nor seen us together. I saw your look of Superlative joy, when I undeceived you, but I was too exacting; I loved you so intensely, that nothing but an affection equal in strength, would content me. I tried an experiment, and, good lord! the expression of your white face tripped the feet of my philosophy, and I should have caught you to my heart, had you not shrank back, and recalled my excited senses! I have not closed my eyes, in slumber, since that hour, Myra. I came to the Hall, that night to offer you a nearer protection than I have heretofore given you, but fate thwarted me. I knew you were wretched, and it wrung my soul. I tested the depth of your affection, again, this morning, and now I am content. Have I atoned for all cruelty, my own Myra?"

"Yes, sir; I am perfectly happy, now."

"Perfectly? is there no wish, no desire that I can gratify? there! I see it, in your eyes—what is it?"

"Never mind it, now, sir; I will tell you when—"

"There! by George, if you haven't stuck fast!—when we are married, you mean."

"Yes, sir!"

"Here, give me your hand, Myra; there—now I promise, in the sight of high Heaven, to 'love, cherish and protect' you, as my 'wedded wife,' so long as we both shall live,'—will you 'love, honor and obey' me till death?"

"*I will*, Rodolph."

"The vow is registered above, Now, I *command* you, Myra, to tell me what you desire."

"Then, sir, it is relative to my old nurse. I would like to have you—"

"I anticipate your wish. I'll purchase her before the going down of the sun. My wife shall have no desire ungratified, that her husband can grant—tears, again, Myra!"

And he did, reader, and disclosed to my brother-in-law, the why and wherefore. When aunt Rose came to the Hall, that night, she dropped down, at my feet, and brought her toil-hardened hands together, with an exulting resound, while big tears of joy stole from her dear old eyes.

"Oh! bless de Lord, honey, I b'longs to ye unst more, chile! Mars Richmon' telled me fur ter cum here an' nuss ye—he did so, honey—he sed I mus' nuss ye, twel yu was marred, an' den he'd ke'p me! Lor sakes! how 'e *dus* luv ye, chile! I node de Lord'd tuck keer uv ye, honey—ole ant Rose knode date—she did *so!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

Reader, we were married, with all the *eclat* that Mr Richmond's wealth could suggest. He was determined to create a sensation among the 'upper ten,' and he did. He seemed desirous of retaliating upon those from whom I had suffered slight, neglect and unkindness, by the brilliancy and pomp of my bridal. We have been married two years, and our honeymoon is not yet ended. I have friends enough, now—'five hundred dear friends'!—but I have learned to distinguish between the false and the true. Miss Grayson is single yet, blythe, and blooming in the brightness of an Apothecary shop! She has never forgiven me for the match I made, and I am not *honored* with her society. My sister recognizes me, now. Mr Richmond could not endure her presence till he learned to forgive for His sake who commands to 'love your enemies'—he is now an exemplary follower of Him who was 'meek and lowly in heart.'

Charles Graham, long ago wedded Lucy Maitland; he is still intemperate. I look upon her pale, sad face, and thank heaven that I chose poverty rather than *his* wealth. My brother finds a welcome, and easy chair, by our peaceful fireside, when my sister's unhappy temper drives him from his own. I contemplate his care-worn face, and sigh for the many heart-hopes that have been wrecked upon the shoal of mere physical beauty.

Aunt Rose is the happy nurse of our little girl—a darling black-eyed beauty, who is the express image of her devoted father—my noble Rodolph, I look back to the sea of sorrow over which my frail barque labored to the haven of rest, and the darkness of 'Then' renders brighter the 'Now.' Mr Richmond is yet grave and stern, in seeming, when not shut in from the cold unfeeling world, with her

who alone comprehends him, and whose earthly happiness consists in turning the key of Love, and exploring the rich recesses of that fond and faithful

HIDDEN HEART.

FINIS.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

LIST OF THE REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS TO THE TIMES.

Rev. Dr. Wheat, Rev. C. H. Wiley. Pres. Jones, Pres Craven, Prof. Carr, Prof Wm. Eaton, Prof. Gannaway, Prof. Sterling, Prof. Rockwell, Prof Graves, Prof. Richardson, Rev. A. Baker, Rev. J. E. Edwards, Rev. Leo. Rosser, Rev. S. Clegg, H. C. Jones, E. Summey, R. H. Brown, J. D. Campbell, R. W. Millard, M. W. Cuthbertson, S. H. Wiley, W. H. Garris, Miss S. J. C. Whittlesey, Florence Fay, Lottie Linwood, Mrs. L. M. Hutchinson, Mrs. S. M. Smith, Beatrice, Emma Sophia Mills, J. Starr Holloway, Finley Johnson, G. W. Cothran, Mrs. C. H. Criswell, Jeannie, Mattie May, Eulalia, Latona, A. Perry Sperry, Home, Aurora, Mollie, Stella, Claude, Miss Anna M. Bates, C. M. Tenley, C. G. Dunn, J. Austin Sperry, Clarence Carleton, Clara Augusta, Fanny Fielding, Lelia Montrose, Mat Social, Dr. Wm. Hauser, Frances A. Burwage, Winnie Woodfern, Stella Steel, Miss Mary W. Janvrin, Justin S. Cressy, Frederick W. Miner, J. Fred. Simmons, Geo. A. Hobbs, Nathalie.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion $1.00. Each additional week 25cts. The following ample deductions will be made in favor of standing Advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	$ 3.00	$ 5.00	$ 8.00
Two squares,	6.00	10.00	14.00
Three "	9.00	15.00	20.00
Half column,	16.00	28.00	35.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum, ... $5.00

VOICE OF THE PRESS:—We continue to receive numerous notices from the Press, for which we are under many obligations. In our present field, we conflict with no Southern press in interest—there being none like us. We are endeavoring to feed Southern intellect, and to interest Southern firesides, with a Literary and Family Journal, printed expressly for them and among them. And our success in spreading the *Times* throughout all the Southern States, will depend to a very considerable extent upon the courtesy of the Press. As one after another of the Northern literary papers gives a secret stab to Southern interests, we delay *not to warn* our people thereof.

Then may we not expect, in supplying the place of the many thousands thus refused, to receive a hearty welcome and generous aid from our brethren of the press in every State. Below we give a few of the notices received.

We are pleased to see that our brethren of the Greensboro' *Times* have made arrangements by which they will be enabled to furnish a paper second to none in a literary point of view. Let every North Carolinian put his shoulder to the wheel and push the work on; by so doing, we can establish in our midst a literary paper that will be free from that loathsome slang which the generality of the Northern Literary prints delight so much to deal out to their readers—Abolitionism. The number before us indicates that the *Times* will be a most excellent family journal. Success to the enterprise. *Salisbury (N. C.) Herald.*

The Times is on our table, and is decidedly one of the best printed papers in the State. Published at Greensboro', N. C. Price two dollars a year.—*Goldsboro' (N. C.) Tribune.*

The Greensboro Times, has been enlarged and converted into a Literary and Family Journal. It boast quite an able corps of editors and contributors, and will no doupt be conducted in a manner which will commend it to Southern patronage and favor.—*Danville (Va.) Register.*

We see a "Prospectus," in *The Times*, (Greensborough,) for the second volume of that popular weekly journal, which promises enlargement of the sheet, and much additional interest.

The *Times* is already a paper of very respectable size, neatly executed, filled with useful matter, and ably edited by Ogburn, Cole & Albright.—*Herald of Truth, (N. C.)*

This is a large double medium weekly, published in Greensborough, N. C., by Ogburn, Cole & Albright. It is edited with decided talent and spirit, and boasts a long list of contributors. We wish it all the success it can command. As Greensborough is now connected with our city by railroad communication, we should be pleased to effect an interchange of intelligence between that pleasant rural town and our Seaboard city, through the medium of the press.—*Herald, Norfolk, Va.*

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS;—Last Thursday was celebrated as the forty second anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, fought on the 8th. January 1815. The importance of the position; the condition of the Country; and the unparalleled incidents connected with the battle, are calculated to make a brief review both interesting and profitable.

For two years England and the United States had been engaged in active hostilities. Though the pride of England's army was in the Peninsular war measuring arms with Napoleon, yet the remnant sent against the United States had beaten back our opposing army, devastated the country along their line of march, and had finally succeeded in taking the city of Washington and burning the Capitol to ashes.

But the period of which we now speak was most eventful. The mighty struggle that had convulsed Europe was at an end. The Child of Destiny, the Terror of Legitimists had became the exile of Elba, and the untrammelled energies, the great resources of Britain could now be concentrated for the annihilation of our country. Timid men feared, bold men wavered, and all felt that a crisis was at hand.

On New Orleans the British government determined the first great blow should fall. Alison in his "History of Europe," observes: "This rising town, which then numbered 17,000 inhabitants, was not a place of Warlike preparations; but it was the great emporium of the cotton trade of the Southern States, and it was supposed, not without reason, that the capture of a city which commanded the whole navigation of the Mississippi, would prove the most sensible blow to the resources of the American government, as well as furnish a rich booty to the captors."

In possession of New Orleans, the enemy would truly hold the keys of the Mississippi—the only outlet to the great Western valley teeming with wealth and population. In possession of that, Great Britain would hold us, as she boasted in the courts of Europe "prisoners at large in our own territory." In possession of that, more important than Gibraltar or Calcutta, all the blood and treasure of the continent could not wrest it from her. No mind can conceive—time cannot reveal the importance of that position, to the existance and prosperity of the Union—the progressive development of civilization—and the liberties of mankind.

To inflict that blow, and secure that booty, a powerful armament was fitted out under the command of the most accomplished leaders of Britain. With 14,000 men, the veterans of Wellington, the invincibles of the Peninsular—with every engine of destruction, the art of modern warfare could invent, it hovered on the coast, prepared to launch its thunders on the devoted city!

Gen. Jackson was ordered by the government to the defence of New Orleans. Hastily summoning such portions of the militia as he could call into the service, and rallying to his aid his old companions, the gallant volunteers of Tennessee and Kentucky, he descended the Mississippi. On his arrival at the city, he found every thing in a state of destitution, confusion and despair. The whole force which he was able to command was most inadequate in numbers, in discipline, in organization, to meet the veteran host they were summoned to oppose. Such was the condition of the surrounding country that the invaders had only to choose what position they would occupy in commencement of their operations, and they might immediately make it their own. Not a rampart protected the city from its approach without, while within, intestine division between the different races of inhabitants, combining with the timidity of some and the treachery of others, had nearly destroyed all concord, paralyzed all strength, and rendered all hope of a successful defence a vain and idle delusion.

The 23 of December, the enemy landed nine miles below New Orleans, three thousand strong,—Jackson got news of it about noon. In a few hours he marched out with fifteen hundred men—Coffee's brigade, which had arrived but the night before, after marching on foot eighty miles during the day, and the city volunteers—to meet the foe. In the darkness of the night he fell upon the enemy—and so stunned and scattered his forces that he did not rally in five days. Jackson leisurely retired 2 miles back towards the city, and commenced throwing up breastworks along the line of a canal that extended from the river to the morass. For five days he labored day and night without rest on intermission. The whole city was brought under requisition—did any one complain? Jackson, for answer, placed a musket in his hand and bade him, "Go, sir, stand behind your cotton-bag, and defend it." At the end of 5 days an attempt was made to carry the works, but in vain. To turn them was as vain—far out in the morass, on floating logs, lay Coffee and his men ready to receive them. At length the great and awful day arrived. In 3 divisions the enemy advances. Packenham, Gibbs, and Keen. On that bright January morning, Jackson beheld the long column advancing, its scarlet and steel glittering in the sunbeams like the scales of a crested dragon coming up out of the sea to devour him.

Twelve thousand veterans of the British army advancing to assault a handful of raw American militia! The front ranks of the columns bring fascives to fill the ditch, and scaling-ladders to surmount the breastworks. Their national pride and personal courage are stimulated into full exercise; their cupidity and lust have been kindled into flame by that infamous watchword of "beauty and booty;" and already they revel in the anticipated license that is to follow their easy victory.

Slowly and steadily the long column advanced. All was silence behind the parapets; yonder is one waving his port-fire in the air to keep it glowing; yonder is a long line with hands on the lock ready for the word; there stands Jackson like Mar's statue, his eyes glaring fire, and his drawn sword ready to wave a welcome salute. Presently the air is rent, and it rains down on that devoted column hail and fire and brimstone, such as was not known since the days of Sodom—it seemed as if earth belched forth thunder, and opened her devouring jaws to swallow them. An invisible foe mows down their ranks, as if the very scythe of death were swinging from end to end of their columns. Their three leading generals are killed or mortally wounded, when, flying from this shadow of death, that boastful soldiery finds refuge beyond the range of our fire. Rallied and reformed by their remaining general, they again advance; but again that incessant volley of musketry is heard, like the roll-call of fate, and again they fly! Three times the enemy advanced, and each time was driven back, with the slaughter of his bravest men. Though they had stormed and carried Badajos and Ciudad Rodrego, —though they had been conquerors on many a hard-fought field, over the choicest of Napoleon's troops,—and though on that occasion, they behaved with a discipline and a courage that shed an additional lustre on the British arms, yet they could not mount the cotton bales at New Orleans.

The battle of New Orleans is ended! *Thousands of* British dead encumber the battle-field. The American loss in killed and wounded, is but *thirteen!*

History records no victory like this. It was the last great act of the war. Its character impresses itself upon all minds and hearts beyond the power of words. And well may the hardy sons of the West, as they look out upon their fields of immense wealth and the rapid increase of their resources of prosperity and happiness, assemble annually to celebrate the anniversary of so brilliant an achievement. And under no less obligations are we of the East to beat responsive to their grateful heart-throbbings.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HISTORICAL REVERIES.

BY NATHALIE.

NUMBER I.

MARY STUART.

Daylight is fading fast. The azure curtain of my little room, is drawn aside; to let the wintry twilight in. Shadows are falling everywhere, and I am alone in darkness; save when the warm embers throw their red glare around,—lighting up book and picture with a flood of crimson radiance.

I have been musing of the "olden time;" dreaming of fair women and brave men.

Aye, even kings and queens in their grandeur and stateliness, have passed before me; and first of all hath Scotland, that land of song and romance, brought her gallant spirits to my reverie. First comes James the Fourth, that chivalrous and accomplished monarch, whose *courtesy* lost *Flodden field*. His great success as a ruler, his plans for enriching and civilizing his people, must ever claim our highest admiration.

Beautiful in person, skilled in music and poetry, gallant in war, and devoted in love, —pre-eminent stands James Stuart. His marriage with Margaret Tudor, though it brought no blessing to him, was the first great bond of union between Scotland and England. Of him it might have been truly said, he sacrificed his heart's best love for his country's good. For who hath not heard of his first love and romantic wooing, of his fair but ill-fated cousin Margaret Drummond. It might have been better, if he too had partaken of that poisoned repast, which proved so fatal to her, who was nearest his heart. Better if there in his young and perfected manhood, he had died rather than on the battle-field, unrecognized and *unhonored*, a lasting disgrace to the memory of Henry the Eighth.

* * * *

The shadows deepen into night;—the red embers have almost died away,—but before my *mind's eye*, comes *one* whose life resembles the darkness that envelopes me; that queen of queens, the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Stuart. My musings carry me back to the time, when her feeble wail was first heard, and her beauteous eyes first opened, upon the splendor and stateliness of Linlithgow palace; and I fancy I hear the murmur of discontent that arose from the nobles of Scotland, when they found that the scepter should be wielded by a woman's hand.

There was wailing in Scotland for the king that was dead, there was grief in Scotland for the queen that was born. But the healthful and bracing air of lofty Sterling, soon changed the feeble infant into the plump and smiling "Highland Babe," nay, more it changed that Babe into a Queen, for it was there in Sterling Church when Mary was scarce nine months old, that her young brow was first burthened with the crown, and the tiny hand received the scepter it could not grasp.

* * * *

Five brief summers have passed away, and I see her in the picturesque isle of Inchmahom, the queen of her *four Maries*, unconscious of the great and sorrowful life that awaited her; sporting in all the joyousness of happy careless childhood; crowned by her young maids of honor with flowers, and whiling away the long summer day.

Ah, many a time in after life, did the memory of those halcyon days come o'er her soul! and often amid the splendid miseries of Holyrood and Sterling, did she sigh to exchange the glittering diadem of Scotland, for those bright flowers she wore as queen of Inchmahom. * * * *

Time passes on, and again I see her, but she is not happy now. The heart is heaving, and the teardrops are falling. She hath began her life struggle. Her first great grief is upon her;—she hath bid adieu to Parents, Friends and Home, to go to a strange land, and stranger hearts—sunny France! that land, that was to become *even dearer* than Scotland, the home of her devoted and beloved Francis. He to whom her girlish love was given, and who, tho' unattractive to others, was all that her young heart desired. * * *

Her life is at its brightest *now*. There is scarce even a haze in the blue sky of her happiness. Her wedded life reminds me of those calm sunny days, that often come in dreamy October; those autumn days, that usher in the *cold, cold winter*.

* * * *

And now, in the first anguish of her bereavement, passes before me the girl-widow of Francis the Second. She hath hardly reached her *eighteenth* summer, and yet the thoughtfulness of years is stamped upon her face; even now she is world-weary; for she feels that the cares of royalty are gathering around her. She must leave France, to govern divided Scotland, that throne which had descended to her from a hundred monarchs of her line. She must leave the trusted and admiring friends of France, to meet the rude insolence of that hater of womanhood, *John Knox*, and to be deceived by the hypocritical professions of that cruel daughter of the Tudors.

The tide of time rolls on, and in the full bloom of perfected womanhood, stands before me Mary Stuart as the bride of the young and handsome Darnly. He who had so romantically sought her in the gloom of her *deuil* chamber in the palace at Orleans.

Ah, Darnly, hadst thou been true as Francis was, perchance Lockleven had ne'er been prison for thy queen,—nor her fair head bled beneath the fatal axe!

* * * *

Light clouds have been drifting along the blue sky; they are gathering faster now; and now they are unbroken in their darkness, except where a stray sunbeam peers in, the sunbeam of Darnly's love.

* * * *

On a bright Sabbath evening, the last bright one that Mary Stuart was to know; I see her as a ministering angel, by the sick bed of Darnly. No more he is tossing in the delirium of fever, or moaning in the anguish of pain, but with returning health, the color hath tinted his handsome cheek, and the light is flashing from his bright eye; and the love that hath been banished from his heart, is gathering in its strength again. In lover-like mood he is pleading for the presence of her, who hath been the bright star of his life. How can she leave him in his beauty there? how go to grace a bridal scene, and leave that bridal of her love? But the promised hour hath almost past, and tho' she fain would linger, the queen must forget herself, in care for others. With many a fond embrace, with many an endearing word, and promise of early meeting,—they parted! no more in life to meet!!

* * * *

The hate of Bothwell had marked Darnly for its victim, and the boy-king must perish, that Bothwell may rule.

No tears, no prayers; not even the love of his queen, can save him. *He must die!* And there that still sabbath night, when the "great world was asleep," and bright visions of coming bliss were rising in his dream-life;—there in that chamber at *Kirk of Field*, his last hour came.

* * * *

The shadows deepen so, I cannot follow Mary Stuart through her gloomy imprisonment at Dunbar, or her mournful marriage with the Earl of Bothwell.

* * * *

The embers have all dyed away, and the cold ashes are scattered on the hearthstone. The solemn hour of midnight hath spoke to the still waiting world, and the darkest hours are drawing on; hours not half so dark as the life of her who was once the idol of France,—and the "bonnie" queen of Scotland. * * * *

Betrayed, forsaken, dethroned, I see the royal captive in her gloomy prison of Lockleven. Her regal robes are thrown aside. Her lute neglected lays, and low that proud head is bowed in agony;—for that same warn July sun that shines so mockingly on her misery, is smiling on the gay coronation of her infant boy;—and that crown that glitters on his young head, was torn from a mother's brow. And now love, and hope, and *all* save life is lost. Why should she linger there? Why does not her last hour come?

* * * *

Behold the morning breaketh,—and the shadows flee away. The night of Mary Stuart's life hath almost past, and the message of Death will be to her but the bright sunlight of the morning; and Death itself but the bright setting of that sun. In Fotheringhay Castle on the evening of the seventh of Feb., I see the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury with slow and solemn step, advancing to announce their death errand. But they come to no timid, shrinking victim now.

A daughter of the Stuart, a descendant of the Bruce, a queen, will show them how to die. With unaltered countenance, and all the heroism of her race, methinks I hear her calm reply, "*your message is welcome.*"

And why should it not be welcome to her who had passed *eighteen weary* years of imprisonment? She who had wept o'er the heartlessness and ingratitude of an *only child*,—who had been forced to lay down her crown, betrayed, forsaken, and dishonored. * * * *

'Tis past,—the death-stroke is given;—the earthly crown was but yielded up to gain a crown immortal.

The brightest gem that ever glittered in Scotland's regal diadem, were pale and faint, compared to those jewels of Love and Memory, that cluster around the name of Mary Stuart.

INTERESTING FROM JAPAN—A letter from a friend at Shanghai informs us that the United States steamship San Jacinto, the flag vessel of the East India squadron, arrived at Woosung on the 11th of September in six days from Simoda, having on board, Mr. Harris, the United States Consul General to Japan. During her trip she rescued quite a number of Chinese from fragments of wrecks. In one case no less than fifty-five persons were taken from a Government junk while she was in a sinking condition. The San Jacinto had a very pleasant visit to Japan, and the intercourse between the Commodore, his officers and the Japanese authorities was of the most friendly character. It is said, however, to be the policy of the Japanese Government to oppose with every obstacle in its power foreign intercourse, and the arrival of the San Jacinto with Mr. Harris on board was not desired. In an interview with the Commodore the question was asked if he could not take Mr. Harris back again. The reply was that his orders were to bring Mr. Harris there and leave him, and he should obey them. Finding the Commodore thus decided, the authorities immediately set about to prepare a residence for the Consul General, and for that purpose fitted up one of their temples, near which a flag-staff was erected, from which, as the San Jacinto left the harbor, the stars and stripes were displayed.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY CLAUDE.

NUMBER III.

THE PASSAIC FALLS, N. J.

The Passaic River at the Falls is truly remarkable; it is between forty and fifty yards wide, and flows with a very rapid current till it comes very near the edge of the Falls, when it suddenly empties itself in one entire sheet over a ledge of rocks nearly eighty feet in perpendicular height. The river winds in the form of a Z, and the falls are at the upper edge. Further below it runs on through a chasm formed of immense rocks on either side in which the water has worn large passages for a distance of more than one hundred yards, leaving the sides of the excavation, perfect precipices much higher than the falls, and which have the appearance of having once been united together. By mounting upon an embankment of rocks in front of the falls, to the Canal reservoir, and thence ascending a flight of steps, the upper level of the Passaic is reached. The few acres of land facetiously called the Isle of Man, on account of its being completely insulated by the Canal, affords a terrible prospect, and to look down it reminds us of the melancholy catastrophe which occurred here, to a lady who had ascended to the upper level, over which she was viewing the labyrinth beneath, when becoming dizzy, she lost her footing and was precipitated into the gulf below.

A large fragment of rock has been reft from the main portion, making a deep crevice of three feet in width, black, terrific and dangerous; down which, it is said, a stone may be heard to rumble until its sounds are lost in the distance.

On a canal brought from above the falls, are a number of very spacious factories and mills which reflect great honor to their proprietors.

In 1806 Washington Irving visited this spot and wrote the following beautiful stanzas:

"In a wild tranquil race, fringed of forests of green,
Where nature had fashion'd a soft sylvan scene;
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence, roll'd gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled are with delight;
There the wild floweret blossom'd, the elm proudly waved,
And pure was the current, the green banks that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick-tangled wood,
And had fixed in its gloomy recess, his abode,
Loved best the rude scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in hunting the lightning and storm.

All flushed from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children in flame;
While the noise of the war-hoop still rung in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he wears.

Oh! deep was the horror and fierce was the fight,
When the eyes of the red men were shrouded in night,
When by strangers invaded, by strangers destroy'd,
They ensanguined the fields which their fathers enjoy'd.

Lo! the sons of the forest in terror retire,
Pale savages chase them with thunder and fire,
In vain whirls the war club, in vain twangs the blow,
By thunder and fire are the warriors laid low.

From defeat and from carnage the fierce spirit came,
His breast was a tumult, his passions a flame;
Despair swells his heart, fury maddens his ire,
And black scowls his brow o'er his eyeballs of fire.

With a glance of disgust he the landscape survey'd,
With its fragrant wild flowerets, its wide waving shade,
Its river meandering through margins of green,
Transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He raised the green hills, the wild woods he laid low,
He turned the still stream into rough channels to flow;
He rent the wide rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurrl'd down the chasm, the thundering wave.

A scene of strange ruin, he scatter'd around,
Where cliffs piled on cliffs, in wild majesty frown'd,
Where shadows of horror embrown the dark wood,
And the rainbow and mist, mark the turbulent flood.

Countless moons have since roll'd in the long lap of time;
Cultivation has soften'd those features sublime;
The axe of the white man enliven'd the shade,
And dispelled the thick gloom of the thicketed glade.

Yet, the stranger still gazes with wondering eye,
On rocks widely torn, and groves mounted on high,
Still rise on the cliff's dizzy border to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosom'd in foam."

BEECH SPRING, N. C., Jan. 18, '57.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.—Albany, Jan. 6.—The Legislature met at noon today and organized by choosing Dewitt C. Littlejohn, for Speaker of the Assembly. Gov. King's message states the receipts of the year to be nearly $18,000,000, and the expenditures nearly $15,000,000, leaving a balance in the Treasury of upwards of $3,000,000. The Canal debt is upwards of $22,000,000. The receipts of the year were $2,750,000 The Banking system is in a healthy condition. The Governor declares the imputations on the Republicans in the Presidential Message to be wholly groundless, and gives at length the views of the Republicans on the great questions of the day. He alludes to the outrages which have been committed in Kansas. The message, on the whole, is a very able document.

GALLANT—VERY.—Sunday evening last on the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, about forty four miles from the former place, the locomotive gave out, whereupon the gentlemen passengers jumped to the ground and pushed the car containing the ladies the distance of three miles. There was heroism and gallantry for you. Beat it who can.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.—It will be seen by the advertisement on the fourth page, that the vacancies in the organization have been admirably filled.—Mr. and Mrs. Blake who have had charge of the boarding department, retire with the respect of the Conference, and the affection of all the pupils who have been under their care. All who know Rev. J. Bethel and his lady, will feel that in sending their daughters to the College, they are but sending them to another *home*.

The deep regret universally felt, that ill health should have compelled Prof. W. K. Blake to resign, is mitigated by the hope that in relaxation from toil, he may find a speedy restoration to his wonted vigor; and by the conviction that Prof. Lander is admirably qualified to fill the vacancy.

We learn that the opening of the Spring Session is prosperous, and gives promise of enlarged patronage to the College. We repeat, that no institution in the country is more worthy of general confidence and patronage than this, the oldest Female College in the South.

Now is the time to enter pupils. In a short time there may not be room for more; and if that daughter is not educated without delay, she will be as large as her mother, and other plans will occupy her mind.

It is astonishing to see how rapidly the girls get grown. We do not wear spectacles; our head is not frosty; in fact, we are quite a young man. And yet the sight of several generations of little girls rapidly gliding into womanhood, sometimes deludes us into a suspicion that we are growing old. The daughters of our people should be sent on to Greensboro' without delay; or, they will have lost the opportunity of an education, forever.—*N. C. C. Adv.*

For the Times.

Internal Improvement Meeting at Germanton.

At a meeting of a portion of the citizens of Stokes and Forsythe, held in the town of Germanton, on Saturday, the 27th of Dec., 1856.

On motion, J. Bethel was appointed chairman, and W. W. Stedman was requested to act as secretary.

The following gentlemen were appointed to prepare matter for the action of the meeting, to wit: Dr. E. B. King, M. T. Benton, and Peter Suttle, who retired, and after a few minutes returned, and reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We, a portion of the citizens of the counties of Stokes and Forsythe, have witnessed for years past, with emotions of pride and gratification, the rapid advancement of our whole Union in agriculture, commerce, education, and the fine arts.—And nothing has added more to that pride than the fact that, their own beloved State has not been hindmost in *her* efforts to improve and ameliorate the condition of her people; and the citizens of no portion of the State have submitted with a greater degree of cheerfulness to all the burdens imposed by way of taxation, in order to aid in the development of the resources of the State, than those inhabiting this region of country. Yet, they must be permitted to express their regret that so little has been done for this *immediate* section, abounding, as it does, with mineral wealth, unexcelled by any other portion of the State, if equalled by any other section of the Union; therefore.

Resolved, That the delegation in our Legislature, from the counties of Stokes and Forsythe, be, and they are hereby requested to use their best efforts to have a railroad chartered, at the present session, which will, when completed, tap this region of country. The point from which and to which it shall run, will be best determined by themselves or the wisdom of their respective bodies.

AND, WHEREAS, Stokes and Forsythe are becoming large wheat and tobacco growing counties, and are destined, at no distant day, to become as famous for growing a superior article of the latter commodity as they now are for their rich beads of lime, coal, iron, &c.; and whereas, it is the opinion of this meeting that the banking capital of this part of the State is inadequate to the increasing demands of trade, and to the proper development of the natural resources of the country; therefore be it further.

Resolved, That the delegations from the counties aforesaid be, and they are hereby most respectfully requested to use their utmost exertions to obtain a branch of some one of the banks already in existence; and if that be impracticable, to endeavor to obtain a charter for an original or independent bank, to be located in Germanton.

Resolved, That the secretary of this meeting be requested to furnish our delegation in the Legislature with a copy of the foregoing proceedings, and that the Editors of the Raleigh, Greensboro', Salem, Winston, and Lexington papers, be requested to publish the same.

J. BETHEL, Ch'n.

W. W, STEDMAN, Sec.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS GONE.—Last year fifty Revolutionary soldiers died, among them Utal Knapp, the last of Washington's Guard. The number of Revolutionary soldiers on the pension rolls on the 1st of july, 1856. was 514. A few years more will sweep away the remainder of these gallant patriots.

SUNDAY TRAINS:—We find the following very commendable example recorded in the Alexandria (Va) Gazette. It will be seen, by a notice in to day's Gazette, that in future, no trains will be run over the Alexandria and Washington Railroad, on Sundays.

TIGERS IN FLORIDA.—Captain Samuel Somers recently killed, near his residence, on the river St. John, Florida, an old tigress and two half-grown tigers. He also came in sight of the old male tiger several times, but was afraid to shoot at him. The tigress measured eleven feet six inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and it is supposed would have weighed three or four hundred pounds.

Commercial.

TIMES WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY.

DAY OF MONTH	SUN RISES	SUN SETS
Thursday,...15	7 5	4 55
Friday,.....16	7 4	4 56
Saturday,...17	7 3	4 57
Sunday,.....18	7 3	4 57
Monday,.....19	7 2	4 58
Tuesday,....20	7 1	4 59
Wednes 21	7 0	5 0
Thursday,...22	6 59	5 1
Friday,.....23	6 59	5 1
Saturday,...24	6 58	5 2

MOON'S PHASES.

	DAY.	HOUR.	MINUTE.
First Quarter,...3	6	47	A. M.
Full Moon,....10	3	38	A. M.
Last Quarter,.17	11	19	P. M.
New Moon, ...25	5	51	"

GREENSBORO MARKET, JAN. 13.
[Reported by RANKIN & McLEAN.]

BACON,	a 12	HIDES—	
BEEF,	4 a 5	Green,	a 5
BEESWAX,	a 20	Dried,	a 10
BUTTER,	18 a 20	HAY,	50 a 60
COFFEE,	a 16¾	LARD,	a 13½
CANDLES—		MOLASSES,	a 75
Tallow,	22 a 25	NAILS,	6 a 7
Adam'tine,	37 a 40	OATS,	40 a
Sperm,	55 a 60	PEAS—	
CORN,	80 a 90	Yellow,	62 a 75
Meal,	75 a1.00	White,	75 a
CHICKENS,	10 a 12½	PORK,	8 a
APPLES—		RAGS,	2 a 3
Peeled,	75 a	RICE,	8 a 10
PEACHES—		SALT,	2.00 a
Peeled,	2.00 a2.25	SUGAR—	
Unpeeled,	a 75	Brown,	14 a 15
EGGS,	12 a 15	Loaf,	18½ a
FEATHERS	35 a 40	Crushed,	18½ a
FLOUR,	5.50 a6.00	Clarified,	15 a
FLAXSEED,	a1.00	TALLOW,	12½ a 15
WHEAT,	1.00 a1.12	WOOL,	25 a 30

WILMINGTON MARKET, JAN. 12
[Reported by CUMMING & STYRON.]

BACON—		NAILS,	5 a
N. C., hog round,	18½ a	TURPENTINE—	
Western Sides,	13 a	Yellow dip	2.55 a
" Shoulders	a 11	Virgin,	a2.55
Hams,	15 a	Hard,	1.55 a
LARD, N.C.	a 15	TAR,	1.50 a
BUTTER,	20 a 23	ROSIN—	
BEESWAX,	23 a 24	No. 1,	2.87½ a3.00
CANDLES—		" 2,	1.25 a
Adam'tine,	20 a 23	Common,	1.10 a
Sperm,	45 a 50	SPIRITS—	
CORN,	70 a 75	Turp'tine,	46 a
COFFEE—		POTATOES—	
Rio,	12½ a	Bbls.,	a
Lagura,	12½ a 14	RICE,	4½ a
N. C. SHEETINGS,	7½ a 8	SALT—	
" YARN,	17 a 17½	Alum,	50 a
FEATHERS,	45 a 50	Sack,	1.10 a
FLOUR—		SUGAR—	
Superfine,	7.25 a	Clarified,	11 a 11½
Extra,	7.75 a	P. R.,	9½ a 10
Fine,	6.75 a	DRIED APPLES—	
Family,	7a.75	pr bus.	3 a
Scratched,	6.50 a6.75	Peeled peaches,	5 a
HAY—		Unpeeled,	2 a
N. C.,	90 a1.00	BRANDY—	
MOLASSES—		Peach,	70 a 75
Cuba,	44 a 45	Apple,	50 a 60
MACKEREL—		LIME,	1.25 a1.35
2 no.	6 a	COTTON,	12 a 12½
3 no.	6.50 a6.75	OATS,	38 a
PORK,	23 a 24	WHEAT—	
GUANO—		Red,	a145
Peruvian, 1 ton,	62 00 a	White,	a150
" 5 tons,	60.00 a	CHEESE,	12½ a

NORFOLK MARKET, Va., JAN. 6.
[Reported by ROWLAND & BROTHERS.]

BACON—		FLAXSEED,	1.50 a 1.60
Hams,	13 a 16	FLOUR—	
Hog round,	13 a 13	Fine,	7.25 a
Western Sides,	10 a	Superfine,	7.25 a
" Shoulders,	8 a	Extra,	8.00 a
BEANS—		Family,	8.50 a
White,	1.50 a1.75	HAY—	
B. E. PEAS,	a1.50	Cargo,	80 a1.00
BUCKWHEAT—		OATS,	38 a 40
Bag,	94 a	SALT—	
BUTTER—		Fine ₰ sack,	1.70 a
Goshen	20 a 25	Ground Alum,	1.12 a
Glade,	23 a 26	Blown,	1.60 a1.70
LARD—		SUGAR—	
No 1 & 2,	14 a 15	Refined,	11½ a 13
DRIED APPLES—		Crushed,	14 a 15
per bushel,		W. India,	10½ a 11½
28 lbs.	1.62 a 170	SHINGLES—	
Peaches, peeled,		Heart, 12 in bunch,	7.00 a
₰ bus 40 lbs,	4.50a5.00	Sap " "	4.00 a5.00
BEESWAX,	a 24	WHISKEY,	26 a 28
COTTON,	10 a 10½	LIME—	
CORN—		Camden,	1.12 a1.25
White,	63 a 65	WHEAT—	
Mixed,	62 a	Red,	1.40 a
Yellow,	64 a 65	White,	1.50 a
COFFEE—		STAVES—	
Rio,	11½ a 12½	R. O. Hhd,	31.00 a 33.00
Laguira,	13 a	H. O. Hhd,	43.00 a
CANDLES—		" " " Heading,	55.00 a
Adamantine	25 a 28	PORK—	
SOAP—		p. ₰ mess,	21.00 a22.00
Brown,	4½ a 8	MOLASSES—	
Yellow,	4½ a 8		50 a 56
GUANO—			
Peruvian, sales, per ton,	58.00 a		
EGGS,	20 a		
SHINGLES—	4.00 a4.50		

FAYETTEVILLE MARKET, JAN. 10.

BACON,	11 a 12½	LARD,	16 a
BEESWAX,	24 a 25	MOLASSES—	
CANDLES—		Hhds	45 a 47
Fay. fact'ry,	a 20	N. Orleans,	a
Adamantine,	30 a 32	NAILS,	5 a
Sperm,	35 a 50	SALT—	
COFFEE—		Liverpool, sack,	1 50 a
Rio,	11½ a 13½	Alum, bushel,	75 a
Laguira,	15 a	FLAXSEED	1 25a
COTTON—		CLOVER SEED, ₰ lb,	12½ a 15
Strictly prime,	12½ a	BRANDY—	
Prime,	12½ a	Peach,	90 a1 00
Fair	12 a	Apple,	65 a 75
COTTON YARNS—		N. C. WHISKEY,	60 a 65
No. 5 to 10,	00 a 19	SUGAR—	
FEATHERS,	40 a 43	Loaf,	15 a
FLOUR—		Crushed,	14½ a 15
Family,	7 50 a	St. Croix,	12½ a 13
Superfine,	7.00 a	Porto Rico,	11½ a 12
Fine,	6 50 a	N. Orleans,	10½ a 11
Scratched	6.00 a	TALLOW,	10 a
CORN,	85 a 90	TOBACCO—	
WHEAT,	1 10 a1 20	Leaf,	a
OATS,	45 a 50	Manufact'd	15 a 40
PEAS,	75 a	WOOL,	16 a 17½
RYE,	80 a		
HIDES—			
Dry,	14½ a 15½		
Green,	3½ a 4½		

New Books.

Macauley's History of England,
Hume's " " Do.
Irving's Works Complete.
Goldsmith's " Do.
Lives of the Chief Justices of the U. S.
Chamber's information for the people.
Anatomy of Melancholy.
Weem's Life Marion.
Do " Washington.

May 1856. E. W. OGBURN.

THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.

EDITORS.

E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.

ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
MARTHA HAYNES BOTT, Norfolk, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, New York, (formerly Charleston, S. C.)

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

Traveling Agents.

R. B. Prather, book agent, for the counties of Guilford, Rockingham, Person, Caswell, Alamance and Orange, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the *Times*.

S. M. Parish is our authorized agent to receive subscriptions for the *Times*.

Our Corresponding Editors and acknowledged Contributors are authorized agents.

☞ We allow agents a good per cent. and would like to employ several hundred.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the TIMES.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the TIMES, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principle. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are procured at great expense, will be from the pens of the most gifted of the American Literati.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, by *Rev. C. H. Wiley*, State Superintendant of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the *Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.*

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER; OR, THE GOLDEN KEY, a Union Story pronounced by competent judges of most brilliant interest—to be donated as a New Year's Present to the "Times."

MARIA HINTON; OR, PERSONAL INDEPENDENCE, and THE UNFORTUNATE BELLE, two short, but most interesting Stories, by *Mrs. L. M. Hutchinson.*

LIFE PICTURES; HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS, by *Fanny Fielding*, author of "Footprints of the Pestilence."

THE FAIR ROSETTA; OR, HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY, by *Stella Stark*

FANNY MOWBRY; OR, THE GAMBLER'S WIFE, a prize story by *Finley Johnson.*

THE MAD CAP AND HER COUSINS, a prize story by *Mrs. C. H. Crimmell.*

SWEET FERN SPRING; OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH, by *Miss Mary W. Janvrin*, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Desecae, the Quadroon," "Warning Starr," "Ruby Cross," etc.

HUGH LINDSLEE; OR THE RE-UNION. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, *Rob. G. Staples.*

LAURA; OR THE SNOW FLAKE, by *Miss Anna M. Bates.*

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by *Mat Social.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by *Mrs L. M. Hutchinson.*

MUSIC, In a series of articles, by *Rev. Dr. Hauser*, author of 'Hesperian Harp.'

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES;—Their present appearance and Commercial prospect, by our traveling Corresponding Editor, *Wm. R. Hunter.*

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the TIMES a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The world shall be our text book.

In order to meet our great expense and labor, we hope to receive during the month, at least

5,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Will not every one who loves home and home institutions, lend their name and influence to establish in their midst a great SOUTHERN LITERARY WEEKLY. With your help, we pledge you to spare neither labor nor expense to make the TIMES the best paper American genius can produce. We only ask you to try us one year.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year		$ 2.00
6 Copies	"	10.00
10 "	"	15.00
20 "	"	25.00
50 "	"	50.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

THE NEXT NUMBER:—The beautiful story "The Hidden Heart." by Miss Whittlesey, for which a premium was award by the committee, is concluded in this number. Next week we will commence another prize story, which the judges pronounced "intensely interesting." "Fanny Mowbry; or the Gambler's Wife," by Finly Johnson. We will not preface it with any remarks, as the reader can moralize for himself after the story is read.

We would remark in this connection, that the serials which we are now publishing are of so much interest, that we print a number of extra copies every week for supplying new subscribers with the back numbers. The edition of the first number, however, is nearly exhausted, though we printed 2000 copies. Those wishing, therefore, to commence with the first of the serials, should send in their orders soon.

CAPITOL BURNT:—The Vermont State Capitol was destroyed by fire on the night of the 6th inst. The most serious loss is the apartments of the State Naturalist, which is irreparable.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

RANDOM THOUGHTS, OR CITY LIFE.

BY WM. R. HUNTER.

NUMBER III.

"*Of the people of New York, it is ascertained that eighteen thousand live under ground!*" Methinks I hear the reader exclaim "can this be true?" Yes every word true; but *how* they live, how they even exist for a day in these deep dark damp cellars into which the blessed rays of God's glorious sunlight never penetrates for a brief moment is a mystery we cannot unravel; but here they are, of all ages, from the infant of a day to the man of grey hairs—grown grey in sin, pollution and deepest degradation: And when we assure you that *one hundred* of these miserable beings of both sexes, black and white, may be found huddled together every night in a single room in this city, deem it not an exaggeration, for it is truth every word of it. Here they are in all their rags and wretchedness, in all their misery and deepest poverty,—out casts from the pale of society—a loathesome moral ulcer in the very heart of this great city with its one hundred churches and its thousands of would-be-thought philanthropists—men and women, professedly *christian* men and women—who are loud-mouthed in their denunciations of their "neighbors" and who would rend assunder this great brotherhood of States in their mad attempts to remove the mote from others eyes whilst the beam in their own renders them blind to all this moral leprosy in their very midst! "Strange, passing strange, pitiful wonderous pitiful" but so it is; but *why* it is so we will not pretend to say. Let those answer here who thus divert the noblest sentiment of the human heart, sympathy, from its legitimate objects and then make if they dare, Cains insulting plea "Am I my Brother's Keeper!"

But let us for a moment look in upon the inmates of this lazar-house and we would caution you to grope your way carefully for the watchman's lantern sheds but a feeble light upon the objects in this dark dungeon-like abode occupied by these wretched semblances of humanity whose haggard looks tell all too plainly of a life of crime and debauchery.

There in that corner we behold a feeble Amaciated Mother, on her pallet of filthy straw, with her hair matted and disheveled and with scarce rags enough to hide her nakedness. At her side lies her half famished babe with its hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, the while clutching with its bony fingers as for life, at the fountain from which alone it must obtain the scanty feverish sustanance which may prolong its miserable existence for a few days, only. How the heart sickens at the sight, and how all the better feelings of man's nature revolts at the thought of thus living, thus dying, shut out from all the tender sympathies of kind friends and yearning hearts! It is sad, mournfully sad, the thought, that childhood, innocent childhood is often made to drain the bitter dregs of the cup of misery, filled to the brim by a parent's crime!

"Ah Death is terrible, when his icy breath
Stern order to the War Fiend uttereth—
To stain the pleasant turf a fearful red,
Or dash amid the wave
A myriad spirits brave,
For whose eternal rest no saintly song is said.

And it is sad.—When in some too cruel mood
He may neglect the weary multitude,
To clutch the fair bride in her orange bloom,
To dim her eyes of lghit
Upon the marriage night,
And lead her in her pallid beauty to the marble tomb.

Sad.—To see Death even with gentlest hand
Lead some poor wanderer to the heavenly land
Amid the purple light of Autumn eves,
While to the harvest moon
Rises a rustic tune
From sunburnt, lusty reapers, binding up their sheaves.

Sad to see.—The sweet child whose prattle all day long
Didst touch the heart with its cradle song
Borne from loving hearts away
To its tenement of clay
Where the Angel who treadest in the track of Time,
Guardeth the entrance to that unknown clime
Where the good Master calleth His own
Up to His glittering golden throne."

But ah! more sad than all these to see that little pale faced sufferer in all its unoffending innocence dying by inches in this pest-house of pollution, and to know when its last feeble wail shall echo within these loathesome walls, it must be borne by an unfeeling hireling undertaker to the pauper's grave yard, there to be deposited, uncoffined perhaps save with a few filthy rags, beside the thousands of children in the beggar's burial ground, where no mother's hallowed tears ever bedew the withered grass above their heads!

Here too may be the midnight assassin who, driven on by the cruel fiend Intemperance way-lays the late pedestrian, returning from business avocations to the bosom of a beloved family, and at the dark street corner plunges the dagger into the heart of one who never wronged him, whom he never knew, to obtain perhaps a dime to satisfy the cravings of that cruel thirst begat and nourished by some of the seven thousand licensed "*Light Houses of Hell*" whose portals stand open night and day, through out this great city—here too the street beggar gnawing at his mouldy crust with the hope of prolonging his miserable existence until the morning dawns, when he may again commence his daily round from door to door, to meet perhaps the same unfeeling gibes and taunts of the better fed and better clothed, the same harsh epithets of "Lazy Dog" that has been his sad experience ever since guant poverty became his daily companion—and here too the shameless prostitute, fallen, it may be from the social circle of loving hearts, around whose hearth stone her glad voice once trilled the merry song of happy innocence, down through all the varied degrees of illicit crime, until she must needs make her bed in this den of outcasts from humanity's pale, with no sympathetic heart to whom she may tell her tale of deepest wrong and outrage with the hope that one ray of the heart's sunshine may light up the dark future of her immortality!

Truly wrote the Poetess when she said—

In the same beaten channel still have run
The blessed streams of human sympathy;
And though I know this ever hath been done,
The *why* and *wherefore* I could never see:
Why *some* such sorrow for griefs have won,
And *some*, unpitied, bear their misery,
Are mysteries, which thinking o'er and o'er,
Has left me nothing wiser than before.

What bitter tears of agony have flowed
O'er the sad pages of some old romance!
How Beauty's cheek beneath those drops has glowed
That dimmed the sparkling lustre of her glance,
And on some love sick maiden is bestowed,
Or some rejected, hapless knight perchance,
All her deep sympathies, until her moans
Stifle the *nearer* sounds of *living* groans!

O, the deep sorrows for *their* sufferings felt
Where is found something "better days" to prove—
What heart above *their* downfall will not melt
Who in a "higher circle" once could move:
For *such*, mankind have ever freely dealt
Out the full measure of their pitying love,
Because they witnessed in their wretchedness
Their friends grow fewer, and their fortunes less.

But for some humble peasant girl's distress
Some real being left to stem the tide—
Who saw her young heart's wealth of tenderness
Betrayed, and trampled on, and flung aside—
Who seeks *her* out, to make her sorrows less?
What noble lady o'er *her* tale hath cried?
None! for the record of such humble grief
Obtains not human sympathy—scarce belief.

And as for their distress, who from the first
Have had no fortune and no friends to fail;
Those who in poverty were born and nursed;
For such, by men, are placed without the pale
Of sympathy—since they are deemed the worse
Who are the humblest; and if want assail
And bring them harder toil 'tis only said
"They have been used to labor for their bread;"

O, the unknown unpitied thousands found
Huddled together, hid from human sight,
By fell disease or gnawing famine, bound
To some dim, crowded garret day and night,
Or in unwholesome cellars underground
With scarce a breath of air, or ray of light;
Hunger, and rags, and labor ill repaid—
These are the things that ask our tears and aid.

And these ought not to be: it is not well
Here in this land of christian liberty,
That honest worth, or hopeless want should dwell
Unaided by our care and sympathy:
And is it not a burning shame to tell
We have no means to check such misery,
When wealth from out our treasury freely flows
To wage a deadly warfare with our foes!

It is all wrong: yet men begin to deem
The days of darkest gloom are nearly done;
A something, like the first golden beam
That heralds in the coming of the dawn
Breaks on the sight. O, if it be no dream
How shall we haste that blessed era on;
For there is need that on men's hearts should fall
A spirit that shall sympathise with all.

Thank Heaven reader there is such a thing as human sympathy in this sin stricken world of ours, aye more—human sympathy, the brightest jewel of mans nature that has survived the fall, sanctified by the Spirit of the living God to holy deeds; and we purpose to tell you of some of these noble deeds on behalf of the needy and oppressed in this city.

PRIVATE CORNER.

As it will show what the patrons of the *Times* think of the new volume and perhaps induce some others who are as yet strangers, to aid in sending out a home literary paper, we present a few extracts from our correspondents.

A lady friend of Virginia, sending additionals to a large club, says—"I am truly pleased with the appearance of your new volume, and sincerely wish you unparalleled success in your praiseworthy enterprise." Another sending a new subscriber, says—"I am much pleased to see the 'Times' so much improved—and hope it will be very extensively circulated, and ere long, meet with a warm welcome at every fireside in the whole sunny South. I feel a deep, deep interest in its advancement; and watch each progressive step it takes, with no little anxiety, and very sincerely do I wish, that you may be successful in firmly establishing—truly a 'Southern Literary Journal' that will compete with all, and far surpass in every respect any now published. Would it were in my power to aid you more in carrying on your noble and praiseworthy enterprise, and also, to impress upon the minds of all who profess to feel any interest in the improvement of the South, the necessity and importance of giving their assistance and encouragement to 'home institutions' and 'home industry.' 'Tis truly time for the South to arouse from the lethargy into which it has fallen, and defend its rights—time too, for it to depend more upon self, and less upon others." A literary friend and distinguished lawyer writes us from New York:—"And now in conclusion, permit me to say I am heartily pleased with no. 1 of the new volume of the *Times*. It is now a paper worthy of an extensive patronage, which I hope it is enjoying. Success to your noble efforts to establish so good a paper in North Carolina." One of the first in the ranks of Southern literary men, after reading the first number, writes as follows—"At length we have a paper which I am not ashamed to present to the world, and exclaim, this is a *Southern Literary Journal*. It is true there are papers at the North more *showy*, but none to excel in merit." Another writes—"I am glad to see that you are filling a vacancy in N. Carolina literature, that has long existed. Your enterprise deserves abundant success which you will no doubt find in responses from the moral and intelligent people of our State."

In language similar to the above, we receive encouragement every day, and what is equally as good, they are almost invariably accompanied with new subscribers. We wish to receive during this year, the 10,000 lost by an Abolition Journal not long since.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—Kentucky is a most gallant and chivalric State. There alone in this country or the world is the right of suffrage expressly conceded to woman. By the Revised Statutes, any woman having a child between the age of six and eighteen years, may vote for school trustee. This right was exercised a year ago by several widows in the northern part of the State.

RHODE ISLAND SENATOR:—The Legislature of this State have elected JAMES F. SIMMONS as United States Senator for six years ensuing, in place of Hon. CHAS. T. JAMES, whose term expires at the close of the present Congress.

CONVENTION OF THE SOLDIERS OF 1812:—The Soldiers of the war of 1812 held a convention in the city of Washington on the 8th inst. They passed resolutions urging Congress to pass the Revolutionary Pension Bill. A committee was appointed to devise means to erect a monument to the memory of President Madison. A resolution was also passed thanking Congress for conferring the Lieutenant Generalcy on General Scott. The members of the Convention individually called on President Pierce.

MURDER AT INDIAN RIVER, FLA.—By the arrival of the steamer Carolina from Jacksonville, Fla., we learn that information had reached that place that a family by the name of Shive, consisting of father, wife and two children, had been found murdered at Indian River, Florida, and the house in which they resided had been burnt. The deed some supposed, was done by the Indians, but suspicion also rests on other parties.

FEDERAL APPOINTMENTS.—The following appointments have been confirmed: Hon. Mr. Underwood, of Georgia, as Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of Nebraska; S. P. Hamilton, Esq. as Naval Officer of the port of Savannah; George A. Gordon, as U. S. District Attorney for Georgia; Robert W. Adams, Esq., as Surveyor at New Orleans; and Floyd Walker, Esq., as U. S. Attorney for the Western District of Louisiana.

THE BLUE RIDGE TUNNEL:—A short time since the workmen from the opposite sides of the Blue Ridge met and "day light now shines through the Mountain." So accurately hid been all the calculations made by Col. Crozel, that the auger holes from both ends of the Tunnel were only half an inch distant from each other, when they met, and the difference in the length of the Tunnel as computed by measurment on the outside, over the top of the mountain, and as accurately measured inside, after the perforation, was less than six inches. The draft at the perforation is strong enough to extinguish a light on the eastern side.

The work will be carried on now with energy, and in a very few months the trains will exchange their laborious climbing over the mountain track for the easy grades through the Tunnel. The entire length of the tunnel is 4,473 feet.

CHARLES SUMNER has been re-elected to the U. S. Senate for six years, by the Massachusetts Legislature. The vote stood 333 against 12 scattering.

SKATES A LUXURY:—Some idea of the extent of the trade in skates may be formed from the fact that one house in Market street, Philadelphia, has sold up to the present time this season, upwards of $7.000 worth. The greater portion of the cheap skates is imported from Germany.

BANK DIVIDEND:—The Bank of Fayetteville has declared a dividend of 4 per cent, and the Bank of Clarendon a dividend of 3 per cent.

NEW OFFICE:—SAXAPAHAW a new Post Office in Alamance Co;—James Newlin, P. M.

NEW LAW.—PREPAYMENT ON ALL TRANSIENT PRINTED MATTER COMPULSORY.—The National Intelligencer publishes the following regulations, which the Postmaster General has made to carry out the provisions of the act just passed requiring prepayment of postage on all transient printed matter:

1. Books, not weighing over four pounds, may be sent in the mail, prepaid by postage stamps at one cent an ounce any distance in the United States under three thousand miles, and at two cents an ounce over three thousand miles, provided they are put up without a cover or wrapper, or in a cover or wrapper open at the ends or sides, so that their character may be determined without removing the wrapper.

2. Unsealed circulars, advertisements, business cards, transient newspapers, and every other article of transient printed matter, (except books,) not weighing over three ounces, sent in the mail to any part of the United States, are chargeable with *one cent* postage *each*, to be prepaid by postage stamps. Where more than one circular is printed on a sheet, or a circular and letter, each must be charged with a single rate. This applies to lottery and other kindred sheets assuming the form and name of newspapers; and the miscellaneous matter in such sheets must also be charged with one rate. A business card on an unsealed envelope of a circular subjects the entire packet to letter postage. Any transient matter, like a circular or handbill, enclosed in or with a periodical or newspaper sent to a subscriber, or to any other person, subjecs the whole package to letter postage; and whenever subject to letter postage, from being sealed, or from any cause whatever, all printed matter, without exception, must be prepaid, or excluded from the mail. It is the duty of the postmaster at the mailing office, as well as at the office of delivery, carefully to examine all printed matter, in order to see that it is charged with the proper rate of postage, and to detect fraud. At offices where postage stamps cannot be procured, postmasters are authorized to receve money in prepayment of postage on transient matter; but they should be careful to keep a supply of stamps on hand.

CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The Senate proceeded to the election of a President *pro tempore*, and Mr. Mason was elected—receiving 30 votes. Mr. Foot received 11; Mr. Weller, 1; blank 2. The Iowa contested election case was debated, but, without concluding, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Boyce gave notice of an amendment he intends to offer to the Tariff bill. It proposes that on and after January, 1857, all goods, wares, merchandise and other products, which, under the existing Tariff, pay a duty of 20 per cent., shall continue to be admitted at that rate; and that tea and coffee shall be included in the same schedule.

Mr. Greenwood introduced a bill more effectually to prevent the introduction of spirituous liquors and wines into the Indian country—referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The debate on the President's message was continued until the adjournment.

Jan. 7.—SENATE—The President transmitted, in reply to a resolution, a letter from the Atlantic Telegraph Company, stating the facts concerning the said proposed Telegraph, and saying that they will enter into a contract with the government of the United States, on the same terms and conditions as with the British government, and suggesting that our new war steamers are the very best to assist them in laying the cable. The President makes no recommendation, but merely submits the letter and propositions of the British Lords and commissioners. There is no reply of Mr. Marcy's in the accompanying documents.

Mr. Weller reported a bill to increase the officers of the army. The Iowa contested election case was then considered. Mr. Bayard spoke against and Mr. Foster for the admission of Mr. Harlan. Mr. Harlan's resignation was received and read. The Senate then adjourned till Friday.

HOUSE.—The House resumed the consideration of the President's message. Mr. Barclay made a very bitter speech on the views of the President. Ten thousand copies of the coast survey report were ordered to be printed. The House then adjourned to Friday.

Jan. 9.—In the Senate, Mr. Seward introduced a bill to authorize the Secretary of State, under the direction of the President, to contract with the New York, New Foundland and London Telegraph Company for the use of their submarine communication for fifty years by the Government of the United States on the same terms and conditions as the British Government; also to aid the company in laying their submarine cable. The bill was referred to the Committee on the Post Office.

The House bill providing for the payment of invalid and other pensions was passed.

The Iowa election case was futher considered, but no action was taken.

A resolution was adopted asking the President for information in regard to the ejection of Americans from the Island of Aves, by the Venezuelean government, while gathering guano for shipment. Adjourned to Monday.

In the House, twenty-one bills on the private calendar were passed. As the House was about to adjourn, Mr. Kelsey said that the Washington correspondent of the New York Times had made a charge of bribery and corruption on Members of the House and others, which demanded investigation, and he submitted a resolution for the appointment of a committee of five with power to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Paine, of N. C., said that he had knowledge of such an attempt having been made by one member to others in relation to the Minnesota Land Bill.

Great confusion ensued, and loud calls for the name of the offender, but Mr. Paine refused to give it. The resolution was finally passed, and the House adjourned.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The New York correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* says that Judge W. F. Allen, of the fifth judical district of that State, has decided that subscriptions by city corporations to the stock of rail roads, and the issuing of bonds for the payment thereof, are unconstitutional and void—that such action is an exercise of power over individual property which the State itself does not possess, and which the Legislature cannot delegate to a municipal corporation. In the case in point, an action was brought aginst the city of Rochester to recover back certain moneys paid by the plaintiff incidental to a subscription of three hundred thousand dollars by that city to the stock of the Genesee Valley Rail Rroad.

COMMON SCHOOLS—MR. WILEY'S ADDRESS.—We had the pleasure on Wednesday evening last, of hearing an interesting address from Calvin H. Wiley, Esq., State Superintendent of Common Schools, on the subject of the condition and progress of the schools and education generally. Mr. Wiley was introduced to the audience of Mr. Cherry, of Bertie, long a devoted friend of public instruction. The audience, not so large as we could have wished to see it, appeared to be deeply interested by the valuable facts and statistics which were presented.

Mr. Wiley traced the history of our Common Schools for the last sixteen years, showing the importance to their success of the office which he now fills, and exhibiting the improvements in the system, especially during the last five or six years. Our progress in this respect has recently been most gratifying, and the future is full of promise. North Carolina is far ahead of any other Southern State in her system of Common Schools; and the day is not distant when she will take her stand in the educational ranks with many of the Northern and Eastern States.

Here is a cause around which we can *all* rally, without regard to party—a cause which appeals with more force than any other to the judgment and the heart of the philanthropist and statesman. Happen what may, let us stand by this interest, and foster and improve it until it becomes what it should be—a great light of hope, and a source of security for our liberties, social and political, now and for all generations. We regret that we lack space to follow Mr. Wiley through his address. He has shown a deep and most commendable interest in the noble work confided to his hands; and the fruits of his labors are beginning to be seen and felt for good in all parts of the State.—*Standard.*

A NEW LITERARY STAR.—The Petersburg Express has been advised of a new romance, from the pen of a young lady of Dinwiddie, which she threatens to "set at large" in the coming spring. Miss—— is a young lady of great personal beauty, and wields the goose quill with much vivacity and ease. Her society was much courted at the White Sulphur Springs last summer, and she was described in one of the "personal letters" from that retreat as "sylph like; more of heaven than earth; whose voice was a spell to the listener, and whose every movement a grace, which many envied and imitated in vain!" This "divine" creature, we are told, has been engaged upon her novel since the appearance of that compliment in the newspapers, and the plot is laid in the mountains and amongst the fashionables who resort there. It is the intention of the authoress first to present the romance to a literary magazine; if rejected there, she will offer it to a publisher; and if it meets with the same fate there, she intends publishing it at her own—expense—having just the spirit and the dimes to stand at her shoulder.

This desperate resolve to be an author at any cost—to break a lance with the rough old giant of public opinion if she breaks her neck in the event—can be laid at no other door than the consequences of a plunge into sulphur and fashionable society, of being made the easy victim of a frivolous limner and fulsome flattery, and the *adulatee* of coxcombs and fine ladies envious of her beauty. She may meet the fate of many an intelligent and beautiful woman before her, who has sacrificed good sense and a good name in society to the butcher block of the public.

FROM SPAIN:—A Madrid correspondent of one of the New York papers sketches very eulogistically the character of Don Gabriel Garcia Tassara, the newly appointed Minister from Spain to the United States. Mr. Tassara was a deputy in the late constituent Cortez. He is represented as a wonder of eloquence, genius and patriotism, and as a poet; with the rather serious drawback, however, of being indolent. He is represented to heve refused several missions, but seems to have accepted his present one very readily.

WANTING TO MARRY ACROSS A RIVER.—A couple of Virginians came to the farry at Milton, N. C., Christmas, with the view of crossing over into North Carolina and getting married, but the river was "up" and finding no chance to get over, they wanted a magistrate to stand on this side and marry them on the opposite bank! The proposition was not acceded to.

The Warrenton Whig says, Sanford Rogers, whose barn was burnt during christmas, we undestand estimates his loss at not less than $1,600. One of his negroes has been arrested and lodged in Leesburg jail, charged with the offence.

SAD CASUALITY.—On the 20th ultimo, Mr. Neill McFayden of this county, while engaged in his Steam Saw Mill, was caught in some part of the machinery and badly mangled that he survived but two days afterward.—*Argus.*

☞ Literary notices next week.

OCEAN TELEGRAPHS—The project of laying a telegraphic cable across the ocean is no sooner discovered practicable, than several enterprises of the kind start immediately into life. A system of telegraph lines for the West Indies is proposed, having their centre at St. Thomas, the terminus of several lines of West India and South American steamers, and equi-distant from large commercial ports in the United States, South America and the West India Islands. From thence it is proposed to extend a submarine cable along the Windward Island to Laguyra, in Venezuela, and the Guayanas; another by the way of the Bahama Islands to Florida, then to connect with the American lines; another, westward to Porto Rico, St. Domingo, Cuba and Jamaica. Thus, the whole West India Islands and the Eastern coast of South America will be in telegraphic connection with the United States and Europe. The length of wire necessary to the accomplishment of this design is but 2,000 miles, and the estimated cost is about $500 per mile, or $1,000,000 for the whole work.—If an Ocean Telegraph is found to work successfully, it is quite likely that instead of one line to Europe, we shall have several, and that eventually all the countries of the world will be placed in telegraphic connection.—*Phil. Ledger.*

MARRIED,

In Salsbury, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. R. G. Barrett, Mr. William Rainey, to Miss Ann Eliza Coughenour.

In Rowan County, on the 30th ult., by Rev. R. G. Barrett, Mr. Joseph Henderson, of Salisbury, to Miss Margaret L. Wood.

In New-Berne, at the residence of the bride's father, 16th ult., by Rev. A. Weaver, John W. Creagh, of Ala. to Miss Lizzie Ann Simmons.

OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE.

GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C.

THE Spring Session of Oak Ridge Institute will open on Tuesday (the 17th day) of February, under the instruction of

REV. T. S. WHITTINGTON, A.B.,

with competent assistants.

As the principal has had five years experience in training the youthful mind, the Trustees feel confident in recommending the School.

This Institution is located in a highly refined and moral community, in the Northwest part of Guilford county on the Salem and Danville road; 15 miles from the former and 50 from the latter place. It is 15 miles from Greensboro, at which place, students coming on the Cars, take the Salem stage to Kernersville, thence by private conveyance to the Institution a distance of 7 miles.

The Institution offers every facility necessary to prepare young men for the highest Collegiate Classes, or, if *continued* with us to make them profound thinkers and thorough scholars in every department of a classical education.

BOARD is invariably $6 per month; Tuition varies from $8 to $12.50 per session; Matriculate Fee, $1 per session.

For further information, address the Principal or Jesse Benbow, Secretary of the Board.

Oak Ridge P. O., N. C. (54::3m)

A NEW ENTERPRIZE.

YOUNG MEN, Old men or any body-else wishing to make money easy, by engaging in anhonorable, pleasant and profitable business will do well to address the subscriber immediately as he is in want of several Agents in every Town and country in the United States for a business by which persevering and energetic persons can make from $75 to $100 per month.

This is a rare chance for young men out of employment, or those wishing to change their occupation. Address with only $1 enclosed and I will send full particulars by return mail.

A. N. PETERS.

(54—3mpd.) Norfolk Va.

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER.

LAMAR HOUSE,

(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE,)

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*

MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to

July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

100 KEGS PURE WHITE LEAD and ZINC just received and for sale low for cash by

RANKIN & McLEAN, *Agents.*

Bellvue White Lead Company, N. Y.

June 18, 1856.

JUST received a lot NAILS for 6½ per lb. RANKIN & McLEAN.

Oct. 30, 1856

A New Book.

The Old North State in 1776; Second Series, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by

Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

J. N. WOOD,

AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING

MERCHANT,

Goldsborough, N. C.,

WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

Special Notice.

DR. W. C. FREEMAN having returned to Greensboro, will resume his practice.

He may be found at his office during the day, except at meal hours, and then and at night, at the residence formerly Dr. Weir's, opposite Edgeworth Seminary.

Jan. 1, 1857. (53::4w)

EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Examining Committee for Guilford county, will meet at the Free School House in Greensboro on Saturday the 17th of January, 1857, to examine Teachers. (53::tt)

REMOVAL.

MRS. PICKARD, having removed to her residence near the College, will take pleasure in waiting on all persons wishing any thing in the Mantua-making and Millinery business. (53:::tf.)

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,

COMMISSION & FORWARDING

MERCHANTS.

Wilmington, N. C. 1:1y.

N. G. FREEMAN,

WITH

ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

STAPLE AND FANCY

SILK GOODS,

No. 153 *Market Street, Philadelphia.*

1856. 2-1y

TWELVE Sermons by Dr. Deems, Just received and for sale by

E. W. OGBURN.

BLANK WARRENTS FOR SALE

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO MOLLIE.

BY JUNIUS JUSTUS.

I will remember thee,—when the twilight rays
Beam softly o'er the moss grown inn;
And the gentle, mountain zephyr so fondly plays
Among the boughs of every tree,
Mid scenes which to me lasting hopes impart
Thine image shall not from memory depart.

I will remember thee,—when the sun of morn
Beams forth in glorious majesty;
And sleeping nature is awaked and born
Anew to life and mirthful glee;
And the light winged bird sings its sweet song
Warbling and chattering thro' the merry throng.

I will remember thee,—when the queen of night
Scatters o'er the earth her silvery ray;
And the twinkling stars shed their flickering light,
To cheer the traveler's weary way;
In all life's dull cares and duties wilt thou be
A brilliant beacon light evercheering to me.

I will remember thee,—when the soothing tones
Of thy glad voice and cheery laugh,
Wafted by memory's gently blowing gale,
Re-echoes in my ear: and when I quaff
The flowing stream from friendship's silver spring,
Thou wilt round me pleasing recollections fling.

January, 1857.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HEART-MIST.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

The moon and the mist from the river,—
Come over the hills and dale;
'Tis the fair young bride of evening,
Floating her gossamer veil.

I dream of a loved one sleeping,
Away where the night-winds sing,
With an angel above him keeping
Guard, with a shadowless wing.

O, the hush in my heart! will it never
Be broken to music again,
And rise, like the mist from the river—
And lift off this burden of pain!

Will the sunshine of morning be lifted
Mid heart-mists o'er clouding me now;
Life's gathering shadows be drifted
Away with eternity's glow?

The Youth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HESSIE ABBOT:

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY "LELIA LAUREL."

CHAPTER IV.

Five years later.

Hessie loved dearly of a pleasant afternoon to go and set on a little stool and read from God's Holy book the precious and comforting therein contained, and which were so consoling to the depressed and suffering heart of blind Phebe. Little Hessie was always delighted to spend the afternoon at her humble cottage in order to contribute to her happiness, and caress and gambol with her pet dog "Manger:" Perhaps he was a greater favorite as he once saved the life of Hessie, and rescued her from a watery grave, only in time to rob the waves of a precious jewel which but a few moments more would have lain a lifeless being on its cold bed, but Manger saw the rising moving mass and leaped in and saved the life which her intrepedity had almost sacrificed.

Blind Phebe, was a decripid old lady who lived a short distance from Hessie's home, who had served her master well and faithfully for nearly three score years and ten, but who—despite her age and inability to act her part in manual labor was a beloved and respected member of society and an examplary and venerable church member. Age and experience had rendered her a desirable companion, and her company was sought by rich, poor, young and old, for she could adapt herself to the capacities of either; but in her more youthful days she had met a terrible calamity, a severe attack of Eyrsipelas had deprived her almost wholly of her eyesight; she could scarcely distinguish light from darkness, but she readily knew her visitors by their voice, to which she had so accustomed herself, that she possessed a very nice discrimination and could easily recognize one thereby.

Oh how blessed were the promises contained in the Holy Bible for this poor unfortunate deciple of the meek and lowly Jesus; her trust was not on earth but in the bosom of the immutable Jesus; her riches were not of earth but safely deposited in a bank not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens where moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal, the interest she daily received, by the enjoyments of her previous investments, in the promises of the Saviour.—Yea those whose earthly eyes are closed shall receive sight, and behold the things not of earth but of a Father and his throne. Children though you are deformed physically, keep the inner temple pure and untainted by a contact of the world, and look to Jesus as the sovereign, and in his own good time he will take you to himself clothed in garments of purity and bereft of all earthly deficiencies, and place you at his right hand, put a new song upon your tongue, even to praise him.

Blind Phebe was poor in earthly goods, but not destitute of the comforts of life; for she lived with a niece who contributed as best she could to the comfort of her aged and decripid aunt; but in this arduous task she was liberally assisted by the generosity of her richer neighbors who esteemed it a privilege and duty to assist in the support of "Blind Phebe."

Hessie Abbot was a particular favorite of aunt Phebe and won the love and esteem of the old lady by amiableness and sweetness of affection. While she read aunt Phebe would draw from her memory something with which to amuse and instruct the little Hessie, for her store of useful information was inexhaustable; for her keen entuitive perception had made her an apt and attentive observer of the designs of human nature, and thus enabled her to give many wise lessons to the youthful sojourners that surrounded her.

Winter had vanished and the key of creation that unlocks the rivers, and little dancing rills, that opens the flowers, brings the green carpet to earth, the music to the forests, and liveliness and animation to all creative nature had come; and once more the earth looked inviting, but a cloud had fallen on the heart of Hessie, the friend whom she had watched and cared for with such tender solicitude was nearing her final resting place, the life that had been so usefully spent, fast ebbing away.

"Must you leave me aunt Phebe, oh do not yet;" cried Hessie.

"The father calls and I must obey, but a little while and you will be with me never more to separate; so be comforted,"

"Who shall I read to and who'll pray for Hessie?"

"Go to Jesus he will hear you, and pray that the father may heed your petitions, and you will not be alone. God is a father of love and though he sometimes punish us it is not that he loves us less or wishes less for our happiness; no, the laws of nature are fixed and I must die, so weep no more Hessie but rejoice that I am freed from my sufferings."

But Hessie could not be comforted, the thoughts of death made her shudder, and shrink with fear from the idea of the cold earth's enclosing the frail casket. What is that? the gem is gone, the tenement only remains, the tenant has gone to an eternal abiding place where removals never come.

Hessie took special delight in carrying little delicacies to aunt Phebe, and pleasant cordials, in this way showing the innate untaught kindness of her little heart; then the sparkling eye that told of happiness at the sight of other's happiness by her instrumentality.

"Hessie when aunt Phebe is gone you'll not forget her will you?"

"No, no I will not!"

"Well if you will accept it, I wish you would take old Manger and care for him through life. I cannot resign him into better hands, and you seemed so fond of him and he of you I should like to give him to you, for you have been so kind to old blind Phebe, that I am very thankful for it, and in room of a costlier present must give you that."

"Oh aunt Phebe," cried Hessie, "you are too good I will love poor old Manger because I loved you, and I'll be so good to him, for your sake aunt."

"You can take him with you when you come to blind Phebe's grave."

"Oh, don't say so, I hope you will yet be well.

"No, Hessie I never shall again see another summer, the fountain is almost sealed, and I shall soon be with the Saviour; oh live then so my dear child that when the messenger comes you will be ready to depart, and be with the angels in heaven, for Jesus is a saviour of love and who will do no injustice, but careth for us as a father does his earthly children."

When the morning came again aunt Phebe was in the spirit world! the bowl was broken at the fountain and the gem was carried home.

Hessie wept tears of true grief when she recounted the last words that fell from the lips of blind Phebe upon her ear. She planted a white rose the emblem of innocense and purity, at her grave and watered it with many tears, but in her sorrow Manger was ever ready to comfort and remind her of poor departed Phebe, they were now inseperable and loving companions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR BOX.

Ques 4:—How meny cubes of 3 inches, and how many of 6 inches are contained in one cubical foot?

Ques 5:—The sum of the squares of two numbers is 244, and the difference of their cubes is 728. Find the numbers.

Miscellaneous Enigma.—I am composed of 9 letters.
Take my 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, and I am showy.
Take my 6, 7, 5, 3, and I am a by-road.
Take my 6, 4, 8, 9, and I am given on condition.
Take my 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, and I am a beautiful color.
Take my 6, 7, 8, 9, and I am seen wherever you cast your eyes.
Take my 1, 2, 7, 9, 3, and I am distinguished by my station.
Take my 4, 5, 9, and I am done.
My whole is an island justly celebrated for its peculiarity of climate, and the remarkable ingenuity of its inhabitants.

Conundrums.—Why is the inside of everything unintelligible?—Ans.—Because we can't make it out.

When is a soldier not half a soldier? Ans.—When he's in quarters.

Why are jokes like nuts? Ans.—Because the drier they are, the better they crack.

Why is a young lady dancing, like a horse in a canter? Ans.—Because she's a gal-hopping (galloping.)

What's the difference between a candle in the Mammoth Cave and a dance in a public house? Ans.—The one is a taper in a cavern, and the other a caper in a tavern.

Answer to Ques. 3 in Last Week.
$1597.16813, A's share.
$2797.87234, C's share.
$2804.96453, D's share.

Carts—Wagons—Tools—Implements. All these should be carefully examined and repaired, if necessary. Those not in use should be put away under cover.

Hoops are disappearing with the approach of winter. Good idea—keep off hooping cough.

FARM, HOUSE, AND FUN.

Two Stories Mixed.—We once heard of a fellow famous all over the country for tough yarns, tell the following. He was speaking of the heavy wheat he had seen in New York State.

'My father,' said he, 'once had a field of wheat, the heads of which were so thick, that a flock of wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk around on it anywhere.'

We suggested that the turkeys must have been small ones.

"No sir,' continued he, they were very large, I shot one of them and when I took hold of his leg to carry him home, his head dragged in the snow!'

'A curious country you must have had, to have snow in harvest time.'

'Well, I declare,' said he, looking a little foolish, I must have got parts of two stories mixed.'

A Point of Order.—One of the members of the Lower House of New York rejoiced in the name of Bloss. He had the honor of representing the county of Monroe, and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. One day in the midst of a windy argument that had become intolerable for its length and emptiness, the "gassy" member from the metropolis stopped to take a drink of water. Bloss sprang to his feet and cried:

"Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman from New York to order."

The whole assembly were startled and stilled, the "member from New York" stood aghast, with the glass in his hand' while the Speaker said—

"The gentlemen from Monroe will pleas state his point of order."

To which Mr. Bloss, with great gravity, replied:

"I submit, sir, that it is not in order for a *wind*-mill to go by *water*."

It was a shot between wind and water; the verbose orator was confounded, and put himself and and his glass down together.

Sheep.—For protection of sheep in winter, as well as for their health, they should be provided with a shed facing the south, with an enclosed yard attached to it. The floor of the shed should be covered a few inches in depth with mould and leaves from the woods, covered with straw; the straw should be removed every two weeks, that the sheep may be kept dry, clean and comfortable. The yard should be covered with mould and leaves from the woods, which should be occasionally added to, that the stock of manure may be increased. Under the shed keep at all times a trough supplied with salt; they should have water thee times a day, and pine boughs every few days to browze upon. If pulverized charcoal were kept in the trough with the salt, it would conduce to their health by correcting any acidity of the stomach. According to the size of the sheep, they should have from 3 to 3½ lbs. of hay, or its equivalant, daily—occasionally grain or roots; alternation of food promotes health.

Ashes, &c.—Take especial care of all the ashes made on your place; don't allow them to be exposed to the weather, but keep them under cover. Have 100 loads of rough material hauled convenient to your house, and have your soapsuds, urine, slop water, &c., as made, poured on them; and by spring you will have so many loads of good manure prepared for your corn-field or oat crop.

As soon as your corn is fit, gather and crib it without delay, as corn left in the field, tempts the dishonest to steal it, and invites the aggressions of stock.

Widows in Kansas.—The following interesting sketch is from a private letter of a Georgian emigrant, to the Savannah Republican:

"But there is another interesting subject out here, and that is *woman*. I would not, for the world, say anything against the dear creatures that is not strictly true; and when I say that one-fourth of the women are "grass widows," it is so, is so. Here is a bit of romance in real life:

"A young gentleman (ca'l him A.) from South Carolina, got acquainted with 'Miss' B., (a grass widow, with two hus bands living,) fell in love, and they were engaged to be married. Business calls him away, and in the mean time C. A's betrothed, and shortly afterwards they are married. On the day after the marriage, A. returns, but takes things very coolly. At the end of three weeks C's bride elopes with A., leaving C. in the lurch. A letter informs me that she is *again* married, and enjoying her fifth honey moon, and all five husbands living."

The kissing stories, of which we have recently given several, seem to beget more.

A gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, writes to us that in the beautiful little village of Lexington, in the valley of Virginia, a young gent having devoted himself to the special entertainment of a company of pretty little girls for a whole evening, demanded payment in kisses, when one of them instantly replied: "Certainly sir, present your bill!"

Winter Ploughing.—Have any stiff clayey fields that you intend for spring crops ploughed without delay. But we here renew our caution: do not plough stiff clays while they are *wet*, nor when they are *dry*, but when moist.

Old Bonnets Made New!

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, and Shaping Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

THE REVISED CODE.

50 COPIES received and for sale.
E. W. OGBURN.
May, 1856

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by
E. W. OGBURN.

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
DEALERS IN
FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C.

WILL keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.

References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleig; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::ly.

FRESH ARRIVALS.

PER SCHR. W. H. SMITH, from New York:
25 Bags prime Laguyra Coffee,
25 " " Java "
15 " " Rio "
50 Boxes " Cheese,
15 Bbls. " Sugar Crackers,
10 Boxes " " "
Wilmington, Jan. 1st. Low for cash.
GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.
Ambrotypes.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies and gentlemen of Greensboro' and vicinity, that he is now prepared to take AMBROTYPE LIKENESSES in all the beauty of art; they surpass the DAGUERREOTYPE in beauty of delineation, giving the most delicate contrast between light and shade, making a positive picture that can be seen in any light, and are not affected by atmosphere or water, and will last for all time.

ALSO,

DAGUERREOTYPES, in all the various branches of the art with the newest improvements—Instructions given in Ambrotyping and Daguerreotyping on reasonable terms, APPARATUS and STOCK furnished if desired.
12::1y A. STARRETT.

SELLING OFF
AT COST!
FALL & WINTER CLOTHING.

HAVING determined to sell out my heavy stock of Clothing, I will dispose of such as Over Coats, and other heavy Articles, AT COST, and the remaining Goods at prices much below the market rates. Those in need of Ready-Made Clothing will find it to their interest by calling on me soon, as I intend to sell at reduced prices for CASH.

S. ARCHER.
East Market St., opposite the Farmers' Bank.
Greensboro, Dec. 16, 1856.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of North Carolina, now in session, to extend the Charter of the Carolina Female College in Anson county, N. C.
Dec. 15, 1856 (52::3t)

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdelane Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store.
E. W. OGBURN & Co.
Jan. 1857.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y

CABINET WAREHOUSE
BY
PETER THURSTON,
West Market, Greensboro, N.C.

LARGE quantity of Furniture kept constantly on hand, or made to order cheap. Also, agent for Fisk's Patent Metalic Octagon Burial Cases.
January, 1857. 53:1y

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EACH Number of the Magazine will contain 144 octavo pages, in double columns, each year thus comprising nearly two thousand pages of the choicest Miscellaneous Literature of the day. Every Number will contain numerous Pictorial Illustrations, accurate Plates of the Fashions, a copious Chronicle of Current Events, and impartial Notices of the important Books of the Month. The Volumes commence with the Numbers for JUNE and DECEMBER; but Subscriptions may commence with any Number.

TERMS.—The Magazine may be obtained of Booksellers, Periodical Agents, or from the Publishers, at THREE Dollars a year, or Twenty-five Cents a Number. The Semi-annual Volumes, as completed, neatly bound in Cloth, are sold at Two Dollars each, and Muslin Covers are furnished to those who wish to have their back Numbers uniformly bound, at Twenty-five Cents each Thirteen Volumes are now ready, bound in Cloth, at $2 00 each, and also in Half Calf, at Two Dollars and Fifty cents each.

The Publishers will supply Specimen Numbers gratuitously to Agents and Postmasters, and will make liberal arrangements with them for circulating the Magazine. They will also supply Clubs, of two persons at Five Dollars a year, or five persons at Ten Dollars. Clergymen and Teachers supplied at Two Dollars a year. Numbers from the commencement can now be supplied. Also the bound Volumes.

The Magazine weighs over seven and not over eight ounces. The Postage upon each Number, which must be paid quarterly in advance at the Office where the Magazine is received, is Three Cents. Harper and the Times one year 4 dols.

GIFT BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED the following beautiful Gift Books.—American Scenery; Leeaflets of Memory, Gem of the Seasons; Passion Flower; The Token; &c. &c. For sale at the Book Store.
Jan. 1857. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

JUST TO HAND. 25 North Carolina Readers, No. 1. 25 do " No. 2.
Published by A. S. Barnes, & Co., N. York.
These Readers are adapted to C. Schools and recommended by C. H. Wiley, State Supt
For sale by E. W. OGBURN.

E. W. OGBURN, dealer in School, Religious, Scientific, Standard, prose and Poetical Works in General Literature; Law Books, Miscellany, Albums, Music and Writing Port Folios, Writing Desks, Music and Musical Instruments, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.
Greensborough, N. C.
Market Street, second square from the court house.

ADAMANTINE CANDLES.—30 boxes Adamantine Candles. 20 half boxes do, low for cash at
GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.
Wilmington, Nov. 8.

All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

SOUTHERN LOTTERY! on the Havana Plan!! Prizes Guarantied! $102,000!! Only 15,000 numbers!!! Prizes payable *without deduction*. JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY. By authority of the State of Georgia. *CLASS U.* To be drawn JANUARY 15th, 1857, at Concert Hall, Macon, Ga., under the sworn superintendence of Col. Geo. M. Logan, and W. C. Anderson, Esq.

☞ *Remember this Lottery has only Fifteen Thousand Numbers—less than any Lottery in the World! therefore it is the best for investment. Examine the Scheme!*

SCHEME.

1 Prize of		$15,000
1 "		5,000
1 "		2,000
4 Prizes of	$1,000 are	4,000
5 "	500 are	2,500
80 "	100 are	8,000
1,500 "	40 are	60,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

20 Approx. of	$100 are	$2,500
50 "	50 are	2,500
50 "	20 are	1,000
1,712 Prizes amounting to		$102,000

Certificates of Packages of ten tickets, where the numbers end in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, are sold at the following rates:

10 Whole Tickets, 60 dollars
10 Half do 30
10 Quarter do 15

It will be perceived, by this plain, that for 60 dollars the purchaser has a Certificate of ten tickets, when, if he buys tickets, he would only get for that sum six wholes. Thus, by buying certificates he has four more chances for larger prizes—Halves and Quarter packages in proportion.

Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2.50.

The 1,500 Prizes of $40 are determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the Capital Prize of $15,000. The Capital Prize will, of course, end with one of the figures—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. Those Whole Tickets ending with the same figure as the last in the Capital will be entitled to $40. Halves and Quarters in proportion.

☞ Persons sending money by mail need not fear its being lost. Orders punctually attended to. Communications confidential.—Bank Notes of sound Banks taken at par. ☞ Those wishing particular numbers should order immediately.

Address, JAMES F. WINTER,
(52::1y) *Manager*, Macon, Ga.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.
January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.
Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "
This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.
Next term commences September 17.
B. CRAVEN.
Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among many others:

Hon. Thos. Ruffin,	Alamance,
John Newlin,	do
P. A. Holt,	do
W. R. Albright,	do
J. H. Haughton,	Chatham,
A. H. Lindley,	do
P. C. Cameron,	Orange,
John F. Lyon,	do
W. J. Bingham,	do
John Long,	Randolph,
E. G. Reade,	Person,
G. & H. Williams,	do

Feb. 6. 6::1yr.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

Fresh Arrivals.

PER SCHR. R. W. BROWN, from New York,
25 Bags Green Rio Coffee,
50 Boxes Extra Cheese,
2 Bags Pepper,
1 do Ginger,
10 Boxes of S. W. Collins' Axes,
5 do do D. Simmons, do
10 Bbls. Mess Pork. Low for cash, at
GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.
Wilmington, Dec. 16.

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by G. W. Harrell.
Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.

Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I cannot be excelled in *GARMENT CUTTING* in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowlegments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor.

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL.
Oct., 1856. 40::tf

SOMETHING NEW!

A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!

MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

A GRAND MARYLAND LOTTERY FOR January, 1857, on the Havana Plan, Capital Prize **$42,000!** Grand Consolidated Lottery of Maryland. *EXTRA CLASS* 1, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Saturday, Jan. 31, 1857. R. France & Co., Managers.

Prizes amounting to $182,600! *Will be distributed according to the following Splendid Scheme:* 20,000 Numbers!—1,000 Prizes! *Prizes payable in full without deduction.*

SCHEME.

1 Prize of		$42,500
1 "		12,300
1 "		10,000
2 prizes of		5,000
2 "		2,000
2 "		1,500
2 "		1,000
189 "		200

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

4 of $150 approx. to		$42,500
4 of....100	"	12,300
4 of.... 90	"	10,000
8 of.... 80	"	5,000
8 of.... 70	"	2,000
8 of.... 60	"	1,500
8 of.... 50	"	1,000
756 of..... 10	"	200
1,000 prizes,		$132,600

Whole Tickets $20; Halves 10; Quarters 5.00.

GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY OF MARYLAND. Class C, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Saturday, Jan. 24th, 1857.

Scheme.

1 prize of		$60,000
1 "		29,980
2 prizes of		10,000
4 "		5,000
8 "		2,500
100 "		1,000
339 "		300
63 "		100
63 "		80
126 "		60
6,363 "		40
29,294 "		20
36,365 prizes amounting to		$1,202,000

Wholes $20; Halves $10; Quarters $5; Eighths $2.50.

All orders for tickets or packages in any of the Maryland Lotteries, will receive prompt attention, and the drawing mailed to all purchasers immediately after it is over.

Address T. H. HUBBARD & CO.
No. 39 Fayette st., or Box, No. 40,
(41:1y) Baltimore, Maryland.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & } Corn & Cob
Leavelt's improved Young } Crushers.
America.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

1 Doz. WHEELER'S History of N Carolina.
1 " FOOT'S Sketches of North Carolina.
Just received and for sale by
July, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

Fall and Winter Goods.

R. G. Lindsay,
North-East corner of Elm and Market Streets,

WOULD invite the attention of his customers and the community generally to his well selected and carefully purchased stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS, consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable for the season.

Cloths, Cassimers, Tweeds and Jeans, N. C. Kerseys, twilled and plain Northern Linsey, &c. Ladies' Dress Goods—in variety—Merinoes, Figured and Plain De Laines, all Wool Plaids, &c. &c., Cloaks, Shawls and Scarfs, Ginghams and Prints, Fine Bed Blankets, Negro ditto.

A full supply of Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Andirons, Spades, Shovels and Forks.

Coffee, Sugars, Teas, green and black, Carpetings, Rugs and Door Mats, Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, &c., &c., &c.

Rock Island Jeans and Cassimers, Kerseys—Bolting Cloths, Burr Mill Stones, Grindstones.
Oct. 10, 1856.

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JAMES M. HUGHES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

HAVING moved into his new shop, one door below the Book Store,
West Market, *Greensboro', N. C.*, would respectfully return his thanks to the citizens of Greensboro' and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed; and he hopes by diligence and punctuality, with his long experience in cutting and making, that he will continue to merit and receive a liberal patronage. He has a regularly established agency by which he receives the latest Paris, New York and Philadelphia FASHIONS which gentlemen are invited to examine for themselves.

All work warranted to please in fit and durability. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction. Remember the stand—West Market, one door below the Book Store.
Aug. 1856 4::ly

LAMPS.

A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.

ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c, R. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.
April, 1856.

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON.
CUMMING & STYRON,
Commission and Forwarding MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

BLANK WARRENTS FOR SALE

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERIES!

[*Authorized by the State of Georgia.*]

Southern Military Academy LOTTERY!

CLASS M.

TO be drawn in the City of Mobile, Alabama, in public, on SATURDAY, January 10, 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers. John Hurtel and W. W. McGuire, Esqs., Commissioners. 20,000 Tickets—3,280 Prizes! More than one Prize to every ten Tickets!

NOVEL SCHEME!

1 Prize of			$40,000
1 "			12,000
1 "			5,000
1 "			2,000
1 "			1,000
1 "			1,000
10 "			200
100 "			100
100 "			70

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

4 of	$150 approx. to			$600
4 "	125 "		12,000	500
4 "	100 "		5,000	400
4 "	75 "		2,000	300
8 "	50 "		1,000	400
40 "	45 "		200	1,800
3,000 "	40 are			120,000
3,280 Prizes amounting to				$204,000

Whole Tickets, $10—*Halves*, 5—*Quarters*, 2½.

The first 216 Prizes are decided in the usual manner.

The 3,000 Prizes of **$40** will be determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the $40,000 Prize. For example, if the Number drawing the 40,000 Prize ends with No 1, then all the Tickets where the number ends in 1 will be entitled to 40. If the Number ends with No. 2, then all the Tickets where the number ends in 2 will be entitled to 40, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE

of Packages of 10 Whole Tickets,		$60
"	10 Half "	30
"	10 Quarter "	15

Address Orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., *Atlanta, Ga.*,
or S. SWAN, *Montgomery, Ala.*
or S. SWAN, *Box 200, Mobile, Ala.*

Fort Gaines Academy Lottery,

CLASS 23.

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public on TUESDAY, January 20, 1857, on the Plan of single numbers. 30,000 Tickets—3,207 Prizes. Nearly one prize to every nine Tickets!

Brilliant Scheme.

1	Prize of	$25,000	is	$25,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	4,000	is	4,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
10	Prizes of	200	are	2,000
90	"	100	are	9,000
100	"	70	are	7,000
100	"	50	are	5,000
3,000	"	40	are	120,000
3,307 Prizes amounting to				$204,000

Whole Tickets $10—*Halves* 5—*Quarters* 2½.

The first 307 Prizes are decided in the usual manner.

The 3,000 prizes of $40 will be determined by the last figure of the number that draws the $25,000 prize. For example, if the number drawing the $25,000 prize ends with number 1, then all the tickets where the number ends in 1 will be entitled to $40. If the number ends with no. 2, then all the tickets where the no. ends in 2 will be entitled to 40, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates is the risk:

Certificate of Package of 10 Whole Tickets, $60
" " 10 Half " 30
" " 10 Quarter " 15

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., *Atlanta, Ga.*
or S. SWAN, *Montgomery, Ala.*
or S. SWAN, Box 200, *Mobile, Ala.*

Capital Prize of $60,000!!!

SOUTHERN MILITARY ACADEMY LOTTERY! Class N,

To be drawn in the city of Mobile, Ala., in public on FRIDAY, January 30, 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers. John Hurtel and W. W. McGuire, Esqs., Commissioners. 30,000 Tickets—3,295 Prizes! More than one prize to every ten Tickets!

BRILLIANT SCHEME!

1	Prize of			$60,000
1	"			25,000
1	"			10,000
1	"			5,000
1	"			5,000
2	prizes of			2,000
2	"			1,000
10	"			200
100	"			150
100	"			100

Approximation Prizes.

4	prizes of	$250 to $60,000	are	$1,000
4	"	200 to 25,000	are	800
4	"	175 to 10,000	are	700
8	"	125 to 5,000	are	1,000
8	"	100 to 2,000	are	800
8	"	75 to 1,000	are	600
40	"	65 to 200	are	2,600
3,000	"		are	180,000
3,295 prizes amounting to				326,000

Whole Tickets $16; Halves 8; Quarters 4; Eighths 2.

The first 219 Prizes are decided in the usual manner.

The 3,000 Prizes of $60 will be determined by the last figure of the number that draws the $60,000 prize. For example, if the number drawing the 60,000 prize ends with No. 1, then all the tickets where the number ends in 1 will be entitled to $60. If the number ends with No. 2, then all the tickets where the number ends in 2 will be entitled to $60, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE

of Package of 10 Whole Tickets,		$100
"	10 Half "	50
"	10 Quarter "	25
"	10 Eighths "	12½

Address orders